The Nation.

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The Week.

THE prompt passage by Congress of the bill to carry out the findings of the Paris arbitrators in regard to the protection of seals in Bering Sea, and the passage of a similar bill in the House of Commons, show, as Sir Richard Webster said, what a monument the arbitration was to "what could be done by fair argument toward settling dangerous international differences." Six years ago we had Mr. Phelps calling for a "resolute stand," and "earnestly recommending that the vessels that have been already seized be firmly held, and that measures be taken to capture and hold every one hereafter found concerned in it [sealing]." Four years ago we had Mr. Blaine rejecting Lord Salisbury's proposition to submit the questions in dispute to arbitration, and affirming that the United States would insist that their "rights within the Bering Sea and on the islands thereof" were "absolute." That meant that more English ships would be seized upon the high seas, and that meant war, as Lord Salisbury flatly told President Harrison it did; whereupon the latter concluded that he was in favor of arbitration after all. We may thank our stars he did, and when we see the absolute harmony of both parties and countries in agreeing now to do what Sir Julian Pauncefote vainly tried to get Mr. Blaine to do in 1890, we get some idea of how senseless the whole controversy was. The country never had any real interest in it, and never could be made to squeeze out a single tear over the sufferings of the gravid seals. Nor did it ever realize how near to a causeless and shocking war the Washington hot heads brought us in 1890, with their baseless contentions, so that it is not now in a position to appreciate properly the great victory for peaceful methods won by the Paris decision and the laws executory thereof now enacted.

What became of the dignity and deliberation of the Senate when this highly important Bering Sea bill was passed? It was introduced and ordered to a third reading on Monday, and passed without debate or division on Tuesday. Is not this dangerous haste for a revisory Senate? Could not Stewart have shown with ease that, if we had purchased more silver, we should not have purchased so many seal-skin sacques, and hence that the double standard is involved? If he had started in to do so, could he have been stopped? It begins to look as if it was less the rules of the Senate than the unruliness of the Senators that paralyzes Senatorial business. The Senate can pass a Bering Sea bill or a *Kearsarge*-rescue bill with lightning speed, but a tariff bill it must go on mulling for weary months.

The Treasury receipts are picking up. From internal revenue there was collected in March within $122 000 as much as in the same month a year ago. The income from customs continues to show a great falling off, but this is only what is to be expected and what must infallibly go on until the new tariff becomes operative. Then there will no doubt be a great rush of importations and a great swelling of the Treasury receipts. In anticipation of the passage of the McKinley law, importations increased at a tremendous rate, because that law put up the duties, and importers naturally wanted to stock up as fully as possible under the old rate of taxation. But the Wilson bill is to put duties down, and importers, just as naturally, are bringing in goods only from hand to mouth. All which shows that the interest of the Treasury, as well as every business interest, calls for the speediest possible passing of the tariff bill.

The increased internal-revenue receipts are a sure sign of reviving business. The best of it is that a similar increase is seen in the English revenue, which indicates that the international tide is rising. In fact, the unexpected turning of a deficit into a surplus in the British exchequer, together with the more cheerful tone of the Board of Trade, must cause great searchings of heart with our neo-bimetallist friends who are so anxiously watching for England to get down on her knees to them. Is there any "justice" in prosperity enjoyed by a country so hard-hearted in respect to silver? We submit this question to the ethical economists. Meanwhile, turning to our own improved fiscal outlook, we see good reason for believing that the deficit for the current year will not run much if any above the $50,000,000 realized by the recent loan. Another thing that the returns imply is, what has been so often shown in our financial history, the tendency of our public revenue to overtake growing expenditures. It is safe to say that, from the internal revenue and the customs duties, we could, within two years, get all the revenue needed without recourse to the vexatious income tax.

In the matter of bringing the tariff bill to a vote in the Senate, it is gratifying to see a disposition on the part of the Democrats to push things. It is also gratifying to see the Republicans begin filibustering against speedy action. This is gratifying because it shows how hollow is all their talk about being confident of beating the bill, and also because it will prove to the most thick-witted Democrat that if it is good Republican policy to go slow, it is good Democratic policy to go fast. Some heads are too dense to find out which way to go till they see the other fellows start, and then they know enough to go in the other direction. There is no need of another Democratic speech on the tariff bill. The party managers ought to leave all the talk to the Republicans from this day on, and press steadily for a vote. No vote will now be changed by anything that is said. The particular form of the bill as it passes the Senate is of no great consequence, as the final form will be determined in conference committee in any case; and the sooner it is sent there, the sooner will the country know what the law is going to be.

Senator Hill's speech on Monday changes nothing. Everybody knew before that his mind was filled with a consuming jealousy of Mr. Cleveland, and his exhibition of the same old sores was to have been expected. Everybody knew, also, that he would not dare to say explicitly that he would vote against the tariff bill to which he and his party are pledged, and he did not. His remarks on the income tax are mainly a compilation of the opinions of sound thinkers, and in so far they are sound. Where he got those charming flowers of rhetoric which he here and there hung upon some projecting corner of his speech—such as "the lovely cynosure of the nations" and "the sea-wall of our paradise"—we leave those to guess who know something of the history of others of his oratorical productions. The chief question raised by his speech is, Will it be possible to defeat the income tax in the Senate? We think it very unlikely. There are, to be sure, a considerable number of Democratic Senators who will vote against putting the tax in the bill—possibly as many as eight. But there are at least as many Republican Senators from the West who will vote for it. One of them, Senator Dubois, has been quoted as being ready to vote not only for the income tax, but also for the whole bill. The Populists will, of course, vote for it. Senator Cullom will vote for it if he has not changed his mind since 1870. In that year he favored an income tax with an exemption of $2,500, and defended it on precisely the same grounds as are now urged in support of an exemption of $4,000. That is to say, as Mr. Schenck, the Republican

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chairman of the ways and means committee of that year, put it, an income tax with a high exemption cannot be "odious," "for the simple fact that people like a tax which somebody else pays." That was good Republican doctrine in 1870, and Senator Sherman then held it substantially.

The several "armies" that are marching over the country and converging upon Washington city are having a hard time of it. In several of the towns through which they have passed, the food and lodging provided were not to the liking of the troops, although there was an ardent and universal desire on the part of the inhabitants to offer them every inducement to move on. In Oakland, California, a subscription of $200 was raised to accelerate the steps of the recruits of Coxey's army, 600 in number, who had enlisted in San Francisco. The mayor of that city had generously sent them over to Oakland by boat at his own expense. The Oakland people were naturally indignant, but they clubbed together and hired a train of box cars to move them to Sacramento. When the army reached the station and found that they were not to ride in passenger cars, they refused to go, and marched back to the place where they had spent the night. Then the militia were called out, and, after a protracted negotiation, the army agreed to ride in box cars as far as Sacramento, where they expected that the Central and Union Pacific Railways would furnish them transportation to the East, and the towns along the road furnish rations. They are probably going to Washington to insist that "the Chinese must go." They are the ones who prevailed upon Congress to pass the Geary bill and other like measures. If they ever do reach their journey's end, it is to be hoped that they will insist on having comfortable quarters in the cloak-rooms and committee-rooms of the House and Senate, and free access to the restaurants, until the Chinese question is settled.

Another phalanx settled down at East St. Louis. This is Frye's army, or one wing of it, hailing from Texas and the Southern border. These "sojers" had the bad luck to receive an offer of $1.50 per day to work at digging trenches for the laying of pipe by the East St. Louis Water Board. They refused it, of course; but when the facts became known, the soft-hearted and soft-headed people who had been supplying them rations free, stopped doing so, in consequence of which the army has actually suffered from hunger. Besides this unfeeling conduct on the part of the inhabitants, the railroads have refused to carry them eastward; so they are left stranded on the verge of a cheerless summer.

Coxey is a horse-dealer when not marshalling his hosts. He left his forces some days ago, and travelled by rail to Chicago to attend a sale of his own horses. He arrived the day after the sale. The prices realized were very unsatisfactory. He had given an order to the auctioneer to sell without reserve, so he found that a horse which he valued at $1,000 had been sold for $145. He was very angry at this result, and blamed the Government for it. The trouble, he said, was the shortage of money. Horses that cost $1,000 would bring only one-tenth of their value, because there was so little money in circulation. "We have introduced a bill," he continued, "providing that the general Government shall issue $500,000,000 to be divided among the States pro rata, $20,000,000 a year till the whole is distributed." Coxey wants also "to abolish the usury system." By these two methods, viz., issuing money to the States and abolishing interest, he thinks that horses might bring a good price after the new system was fairly started. Other dealers say that the real trouble in the horse market is the multiplication of trolley and cable lines of street cars all over the country, which have thrown out of employment thousands of horses, and that the only cure for this is to breed fewer horses and more cattle, sheep, and swine. Coxey will never believe this. Meanwhile Col. Wm. G. Moore, the chief of police of Washington city, is getting his forces in readiness for Coxey, and proposes to arrest him as soon as he arrives within the jurisdiction. There is a law in force in the District of Columbia making it a penal offence to bring any person there, knowingly, who is likely to become a public charge. This is one of the oldest laws in the country, dating back to the early colonial period. It will fit Coxey's case nicely, and will give him leisure to perfect his financial plans before the next horse sale comes off.

The overthrow of the Populists in both Kansas and Colorado seems to be assured by the result of the municipal elections last week. Wherever party fights were made in Kansas, heavy Republican gains are reported, not a single case having occurred where the Populists held their ground. In Colorado the Populists carried only six towns, against twenty-two last year, and their majorities were reduced in these six. Although the Populists have been favorable to woman suffrage, the greater part of the women in each State voted against that party in these local elections, as was the case in the municipal contests in Kansas last year. Their attitude will doubtless be the same in the State election in Colorado next fall; and although that dreadful crank, David H. Waite, had nearly 7,000 plurality for Governor in 1892, it seems quite safe now to predict that the Populist party will be "snowed under" in November. The task will be still easier in Kansas, where, on a vote four times as large as Colorado's, Lewelling's plurality in 1892 was only about 5,500, with the Democrats generally supporting him heartily. An equally effective fusion is out of the question this year, and the swelling Republican tide would easily overwhelm it if the managers of the two parties could arrange a joint ticket.

We are glad to note in a Southern newspaper some views regarding the East and "the money power" by a public man which are calculated to inform the reader rather than to inflame an ignorant prejudice. "I want to lift up my voice," writes Judge W. R. Hammond to the Atlanta (Ga.) *Journal*, "and enter my protest against the clamor that is being raised, and the prejudice that is being engendered, by our public men and newspapers against what they are pleased to term the money power of the East." He says that this feeling pervades the South and West, and has already reached such a pass that "no public man can afford to show his head in the South unless he rushes forward with precipitate haste and declares his everlasting and undying opposition to the money power of the East." He proceeds to declare his conviction that "no more fatal mistake was ever made by a people, and that to persist in it will only bring disaster upon our own heads." Judge Hammond pronounces the prejudice of the Southern people against the East both unjustifiable and ill-advised. The East has the capital of the country, and the South needs this capital. The only reason Northern capital does not flow South more freely is a lack of confidence, and this will only be aggravated by the growing spirit of animosity. He proceeds:

> "It is not fair to call Eastern capitalists money sharks. Their dealings with the people of the South have not proven them to be such. They do not exact high rates of interest, but are satisfied with very low and reasonable returns. They want good security, and will not lend or invest without it if they know it. But their experience with certain classes of our people has taught them that they must not be too confiding, and when they keep their money at home we fall to abusing them and call them hard names."

The *Journal* endorses Judge Hammond's position, and declares its belief that "the demagogues in politics and journalism who make angry denunciation of another section of our common country their stock in trade, underestimate the intelligence of the Southern people." The surest way of showing this is for the sensible men to follow Hammond's example and speak out.

The woman-suffrage movement received a further impetus last week in the passage by the Iowa Legislature of a bill giving women the right to vote at

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municipal or school elections involving an issue of bonds or increase of the tax levy. This makes three large and adjacent States in that part of the Union—Iowa, Kansas, and Colorado—in which women can vote in municipal elections, while in Colorado they can also vote in all other elections. This full right seems likely to be extended them in Kansas when the men vote on the constitutional amendment next November. The movement has also made more headway in Massachusetts this year than ever before since the annual agitation before the Legislature began in 1867. A measure giving women the right to vote in city and town elections was passed by the House of Representatives week before last—the first time that such a bill has ever got through one branch—but was rejected by the Senate last week. The discussion has shown a growing indifference and half-heartedness on the part of former opponents, remonstrances from women having nearly ceased. The political aspects of the matter have been very curious. While not a partisan question, most supporters of the bill in the House were Republicans, and the Democrats generally opposed it. But some of the Republican managers and editors insisted that its practical working would help the Democrats in the cities, and called upon Republican Senators to "save the party" by rejecting the measure. A bill which had passed the House by a large Republican majority was thus defeated in the Senate through the efforts of the Boston *Journal* and Henry Cabot Lodge, now the recognized machine manager of his party.

The Republicans have carried Rhode Island by a larger plurality than they have had in a State election for many years, and have secured overwhelming majorities in both branches of the Legislature, thus making certain the election of a United States Senator. This result is not different from what every competent observer of political currents in and outside the State had expected. It would be difficult to find a Northern State in which a similar result would not be expected and recorded were an election to be held in it to-morrow. There is an anti-Democratic wave sweeping over the entire country, and its effects are felt in "reduced Democratic majorities," even in Texas. The hard times have much to do with this, but the main cause is blundering incompetency exhibited by the Democratic majority in Congress, and especially in the Senate. The whole country is so weary and disgusted with a party that can do nothing but dally and talk, when trade and industry are in suspense and can be restored to activity only by prompt action, that it is with extreme difficulty that any man of intelligence can say a word in defence of the Democrats, much less vote with them. We have little expectation, however, that a realization of the meaning of the elections will penetrate the Senate chamber and affect the minds of the remarkable personages who are conducting the Democratic policy in that body.

The small amount of pains that Croker seems to take in the matter of concealing his wealth, and the absence of any demonstration on the part of his followers on his return, gives some color to the belief that he contemplates an early retirement from politics. A man who can afford a sixty-day trip in a private car must be very well off, and fully entitled to keep a stock-farm and a racing-stable. It is probable that it was in order to have these things that he went into politics twenty years ago, and, having got them, there seems to be but little reason for his staying in politics. He has now far surpassed Tweed in luxury and extravagance. Tweed had a house on Fifth Avenue at the corner of Forty-fourth Street, but it was very inferior to Croker's. The inside was quite commonplace. He spent most money on the stable, which was handsomely wainscotted and had a fine sitting-room in it in which the Boys used to assemble for punch on Sunday mornings. But he never attempted the external display in which Croker indulges. His greatest outlay was on the Americus Club at Greenwich. This was a gorgeous abode, it is true, but it was not reserved for Tweed's own use. The humblest Tammany Boy could become a member of the club, and, if he was unable to pay for his drinks and other good things, Tweed cleared off the deficit. Anybody who saw the Boys on Monday morning coming back to their labor in the City Hall in the summer of 1868 and 1869, hearty, rubicund, and frolicsome, must have acknowledged that Tweed was a generous and public-spirited man. Croker's pleasures, on the contrary, are strictly selfish, and his expenditures on his own comforts and amusements, colossal. It seems hardly possible that he expects the Tammany rank and file to put up with the spectacle. There are some things the common Tammany men cannot stand, and great personal display on the part of the chiefs is one of them. There are certain expenses which are well known to be permissible: a large diamond pin for the shirt front is one of them. A good house, not in a fashionable neighborhood, is another. A pair of fast trotters is another. Plenty of champagne, and rich dresses for the wife are also allowable. But for a stock farm, a racing stable, and private cars there is no precedent. If Tammany can stand them, it will show an immense advance in the science of government in this city.

The defeat of the English Ministry, after a strong effort to prevent it, by a majority of one—the Irish being largely absent from the division—is another bad sign of the times. The dissensions among the Irish, too, seem to be increasing, and also their recklessness about exposing them to the world. Worse still, the Liberal press has begun to abuse the Irish and defy them. All this looks like an early dissolution, and does much to corroborate those who have maintained all along that Mr. Gladstone's retirement meant a great deal. It is probably only now that we shall begin to see what his influence on the Liberal party and on the Irish really was. No other man could have held together the discordant elements of which the Liberal party was and is composed. Whether any other man can now, remains to be seen. The appearance, too, of the "Labor candidate" at the Lanarkshire election to cut down the Liberal majority one-half has an ominous look. At the election of 1892, "Labor" had only just begun to "feel its oats," so to speak, and yet it did the Gladstonians a good deal of damage. Many things have happened since then to exalt its horn and sharpen its expectations. Lord Rosebery is said to be popular with the Labor element, but a rich peer, who has horses on the turf, can no longer get a strong hold of the masses in England. The notion that he can is a tradition of the old times, when peers spent fortunes fighting for county seats. Labouchere, in objecting to a peer for the premiership, was doing a very futile thing under the circumstances, but he was simply in advance of his time.

The *Indépendance Belge* publishes a curious table respecting the accidents to workingmen for which indemnity claims were made in 1893, classified according to the days of the week on which they occurred. The striking thing is the great number of Monday victims—a consequence, the *Indépendance* thinks, "non du repos, mais de l'alcool dominical." By Thursday the effect of Sunday libations has been reduced to a minimum, and even unlucky Friday has a far better percentage of immunity than has blue Monday. Saturday accidents are numerous, but this fact is said by the Belgian Labor Bureau to be due to the unusual number of falls from stairways and windows and ladders incident to the Saturday cleaning-up. Taking the country through, the *Indépendance* estimates that upwards of 600 accidents happened to workingmen on Mondays and Tuesdays, due solely to the influence of Sunday drink. This is an important consideration bearing upon the question of employers' liability for such accidents. Must they indemnify the intemperate as well as the abstemious? If they are bound to pay for accidents, should they not have the right of supervising the habits of their workingmen so as to guard their safety and their own pockets?

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VAGABONDS' DISEASE.

WE read in the *Medical Journal* that Dr. Raynaud recently gave an important clinical lecture in Algiers on the diagnosis of "vagabonds' disease." The origin of this morbid condition may be inferred from its name, but the difficulty is to distinguish it from other forms of disease which it closely simulates. Some of its symptoms, for example, resemble those of malarial poisoning, and others would lead the unwary to take it for a genuine case of Addison's disease. But Dr. Raynaud was able to differentiate it successfully, and to demonstrate that its deceptive resemblances to other ailments were due to the "effect of scratching and lousiness," and to that "of poisons carried in the blood and irritating the nerves."

That the country is now suffering from an epidemic of political vagabonds' disease is clear. Its most fearful ravages are to be seen in Coxey's army, and in the recruits for it gathering in various parts of the land; but it is not limited to them. It may be diagnosed in every man in every country who prefers agitation to work. Like its medical analogue, it often simulates other diseases. It deceives some worthy and many foolish people into confounding it with the disease of poverty and of lack of work. But it is not that. Coxey's and Frye's men do not want work. They refuse it in transit, and they would feel insulted and outraged if it should be offered them in Washington.

What they want is precisely what the young Paris dynamiter Henry wanted, and so frankly avowed that he did, in a letter which the Count de Kératry has lately published. It was a letter addressed to a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, and protested against the latter's assertion that "what the workingmen of Paris want is work, and it would be an insult to them to suppose that they are asking for bread, not for labor." After speaking of the way education had "opened the minds" of the rising generation, the young anarchist went on:

> "Do you imagine that work for the city of Paris will satisfy their needs? Certainly not, and there is no hope for these young men except in a *bouleversement complet* which will enable them to establish a society that will provide for every one according to his needs. Nor are these needs only those of the stomach. Do you suppose that we have no right to intellectual and artistic enjoyments? Do you imagine that a man who earns four francs a day can buy books out of that sum and go to the theatre, not to mention other things? And how would he get time to enjoy himself if he worked all day?"

Evidently this is only a simulation of the genuine disease of the unemployed. It is the fruits of labor and saving that these men have their eyes fixed upon, and they have no idea at all of either laboring or saving. Any work that an honest man can set his hand to, used to be the demand of the unemployed. That is the demand of the bona-fide unemployed now, but there are vast numbers of the professional unemployed abroad in the land who have got far beyond all that. It has to be for them just the right sort of work and the right rate of wages, or they will none of it.

We do not know that there is anything particularly new about this vagabonds' disease, except its extent and severity at present. As long ago as Socrates's time the contrast was well recognized between "those who work and those who will not work, but who reflect intently on the means of subsistence." There is no doubt a tremendous amount of such reflection going on in Coxey's army. Outside of the studies and classrooms of socialistic professors of political economy, we do not believe that anywhere has there been more intellectual labor expended on the problem of giving everybody a bellyful without working, and crying, "Hang the expense." But with all the taking thought on this subject since man shed his tail, no way has ever been devised of living simply by reflecting intently on the means of subsistence. The gentry who have lived by their wits in this world are few and far between, and their careers have almost always, at some point, touched the stocks, or the jail, or the gallows.

Dr. Raynaud's treatment for vagabonds' disease is "baths and a tonic regimen." It is high time the authorities along Coxey's route began to apply it to his "industrial" soldiers who will not work. A literal bath would no doubt have its terrors for them, but what they need is the cold douche of strict police supervision, of the application of the laws against tramps, of the refusal of food without work for it. The thing has ceased to be a joke, and the infinite capacity of the American people to make a farce out of serious political events was never seen to worse advantage. The good-natured citizens who ironically cheer the onward march of these vagabonds, and keep them supplied with food, partly for the joke of it and partly to get rid of them the sooner, ought to see that they are not only preparing a serious problem and burden for the local authorities at Washington, but are blowing up this ridiculous movement into such proportions as to be a national disgrace, and doing all they can to multiply in this country the Henrys who despise labor but insist on having the fruits of labor. The tonic regimen of our vagabonds cannot begin too soon, and it is to be found in the work-house, the police stations, the wood-yards, and the penitentiary.

THE GREAT GODDESS ARGENTUM.

WE have received a letter from Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes on his system of "joint metallism," in deprecation of our remarks last week. Far be it from us to accuse Mr. Stokes of sympathy with dishonesty or anarchism, or of any desire or intention to aid or abet them. Of course it would be silly to do so. But a strict regard for truth compels us to express, as often as the opportunity offers, our solemn conviction that all attempts, whether made in Boston or in New York, to persuade the world that the use of silver as full money of account, whether jointly with gold or not, is in any sense a duty of the Government, or is called for as a protection for the poor man against "gold-bugs" or "Wall Street sharks," promote populism, communism, anarchism, greenbackism, and simple silverism, and do threaten this country with unnumbered woes.

Nearly all the trouble has arisen out of the personification of silver as a moral being which began in 1877-8, and of which we find a trace in Mr. Stokes's letter where he speaks of the "historical and just position" of silver. This, if it means anything, means that there is some position, in the currency or financial arrangements of the nation, which is due to silver as a matter of right and by prescription, and that it can, as an individual or a corporation can, *claim* a place in our medium of exchange, of which we cannot deprive it without a breach of the moral law. To our minds there has been nothing more extraordinary than this since Moses, on coming down from the mountain, found the Israelites, in spite of the most patent proofs of the divine sovereignty, worshipping a golden calf of their own making. It illustrates admirably what to many people now seems incomprehensible, the tendency of the whole ancient world to mythological explanations of the universe. The notion that silver has rights and virtues, that it is courageous and faithful to its friends, and loves the poor, and has made itself an historical place, and is entitled to justice—all of which propositions have been maintained during the last fifteen years by American orators and writers—shows how near we are, in spite of Christianity and science, to the state of mind in which men deified the moon and sun, the mountains, the streams, and even wild beasts and oxen.

To us silver has the same historical position, and has the same rights under the moral law and the United States Constitution, as wheat or leather, wampum or cowries, or coal. There was a time when wheat was twice as dear as it is now, but did it acquire an historic right to be kept at that price, and do we insult it by selling it at 64 to 66 cents a bushel? It has played a more prominent part in the world's history by far than either silver or gold, and ought to have a far higher place in our affections than either. And yet it is bought and sold on margins by Chicago and other speculators, with an indifference to its peace and comfort which is well

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calculated to excite the indignation of an honest worshipper. Most other commodities which have played a prominent part in the growth of our civilization have the same story to tell. The march of science has cheapened them, by lessening their value to mankind; but if they are to be worshipped as silver is, that is, treated as moral beings instead of simply brute instruments of human comfort and convenience, we must go back to barbarism. All who know India acknowledge that the sanctity of the cow is in that region a serious hindrance to progress. It cuts the Hindu population off from both beef and a good quality of leather. It sometimes leads, as it did the other day in Bombay, to riots and murders. It is, of course, difficult for those who look on the cow as simply an animal which furnishes milk and hides, to avoid occasional displays of irreverence or levity in her presence; and this wounds the Hindu, as our silver-men are wounded by want of respect for silver, in their tenderest part. But what is the remedy? None that we know of except the growth of knowledge and more scientific conceptions of the universe.

Silver is a metal which mankind has found useful as currency in times past, when its value, like the value of nearly all commodities, was pretty steady. Various circumstances, concerning which there is more or less dispute, have deprived it of a good deal of its usefulness as currency, and there is a general disposition among the nations which can afford gold, to discard it. The one way to meet this tendency is to show that the value of silver is likely to be again steady. To claim for it divine honors or moral rights is simple paganism, and immensely ridiculous. Hides were once wonderfully useful as clothing. Indeed, they were, in northern climates at least, probably the first clothing man put on after his own hide became too tender for exposure. Did this give hides an historic position? Did it give them a claim to justice? Did it make the use of broadcloth a wrong to them over which the human conscience should reproach itself?

FARMS AND FARM MACHINERY.

Mr. E. V. Smalley of St. Paul has in the current *Forum* an interesting article on the effect of farm machinery upon farm labor. The self-binding and reaping machine will do the work of ten men with sickles. The "header" is an invention which so far has been used principally in California. It is propelled by six horses and is steered by a wheel in the rear; it clips off the heads of the grain and delivers them to wagons driven beside it; it will cut twenty-five acres in a day, and will do the work of a platoon of men under the old style. A sulky-plough, with four horses and carrying two ploughshares, has doubled the area which one man can plough over in a day. Combination-harrows in like manner will go over three times as much ground as formerly. From the time of the Pharaohs to our own day, seeding was done by scattering the seed from a bag carried by the sower as he walked over the field. Now two or four horses haul a six or twelve-foot drill and save the time of several men. In all these cases the saving in human labor has come from inventions which substitute horse-power. To utilize such devices fully requires farms large enough to warrant the keeping of animal equipment sufficient for the best economy.

Another kind of labor-saving has been effected by the employment of steam power. To the thresher, with fanning-mill and straw-carrier, is now added a device which saves the labor of human feeders and band-cutters. This threshing combination is run by a portable steam engine which burns straw for fuel, and which, when its work at one farm is done, can use its own power to convey itself to another. Farming operations which require the movement of the power over the ground with the progressing work, have not been helped by steam. Field steam-engines get caught in rough or wet ground, and cannot be relied on. Yet it is possible that another generation will see as marked improvement here as in threshing. Electricity has been applied successfully to so many uses that it is within reason to believe that it will be made to serve the farmer in those parts of his work which need only some outside power to double or quadruple his efficiency. Mr. Smalley's conclusion is: "At a very moderate estimate, the farmer of our day with the help of machinery exerts a productive force equal to that of three men in the days of his grandfather."

It is clear enough that this fact has an important bearing upon the prices of farm products. A decline in price is an inevitable result of such savings in labor and in cost of production. Certainly we cannot charge up all our falling quotations for grain as losses against the farm. Yet one result is to discourage bonanza farming. Low prices for wheat and high prices for land have changed the outlook for large farms. A big farm, run simply as a business venture, with superintendent and gangs of laborers, and of which all the crop is sold, does not differ in principle from the factory. Such a farm "manufactures" grain for market, and, because of the chances of crops and prices, really runs more risk than a hat or carpet factory. On the other hand, the rising prices of land tempt the sale of acres to secure the profit on the original investment — perhaps but a twentieth of the present values. Purchasers of 160 or 320 acres (one-quarter or one-half a section) have this advantage over the bonanza owner; they are sure of a living, rent free, and are dependent only upon their money crop for ready cash to pay for groceries and mortgage interest. Yet even such a farmer must have land enough to allow him to use to the best advantage the improved farm machinery of which we have spoken. It is a well-known axiom in the business world that a merchant should try to make up for decreasing profits by selling a correspondingly larger quantity. The farmer in the West, perhaps unconsciously, is moved by the same reasoning, and as prices for wheat or other products fall, he endeavors to employ machinery so much the more efficiently that he may produce, at the same expense if possible, double the quantity of grain by farming twice the acreage. In such a process the incompetent owner must give up his land to the more enterprising farmer. An eighth of a section (80 acres) or a quarter (160 acres) no longer makes an economical farm. The play of these forces seems to set limits in both directions to the number of acres which can be advantageously worked. Though farms containing one section (640 acres) are numerous in Minnesota and the Dakotas, their number is not increasing. Mr. Smalley regards 320 acres as about the average farm under present conditions in regions where there is nothing (such as stumps or stones) to hinder the free working of agricultural machinery.

Yet, while such an average limit may be set now, we cannot assume that it will remain so. Continued low prices for wheat will slowly work out a further revolution in Minnesota and Dakota. More improvements in farm methods will be demanded so that profits may not fall with prices. If electricity can help the farmers out, there will be inventors who will try to apply it. In this and other ways it may easily be found that a still larger farm than 320 acres can be worked by one farmer with advantage with better machinery. It will be recollected that more improvements in machinery were made during and immediately after our civil war than at any similar period in our history—because the needs were great. Necessity is still the mother of invention, particularly in the United States.

ANOTHER "WAR."

It is quite evident that we are on the eve of another journalistic "war." The notes of preparation come loud and clear from numerous offices. The old Warriors of the Chilian conflict are all sharpening their sabres and are filing the rowels of their spurs. The war is of course to be with England. The conduct of that power in not claiming Hawaii has left a feeling of great bitterness in many an American heart, which

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has been aggravated by her failure to make "a naval demonstration" in favor of the Queen in the neighborhood of the Islands. She is now going to practise the grossest duplicity with regard to the Bering Sea matter. She has engaged under the arbitration at Paris to pass an act of Parliament carrying out the regulations settled by the arbitrators. The act has passed or is passing the House of Commons. The English counsel say it is perfect in all respects. Mr. Bayard says it is, too. But it appears there is a clause, 7, which provides that if the naval officers in command of the cruisers are satisfied that the master of a ship caught sealing had not had notice of the passage of the act before sailing, he is not to be punished personally. Now the Warriors say that this is all nonsense, that the real clause 7 provides that the act is not to apply to vessels which sailed before its passage, and that they may go on sealing all summer. Sir Charles Russell, the British attorney-general, denies this. Everybody denies it who has seen the act. But why should these denials stop the war? The times are ripe for war. Advertising is dull and sales are small. A war would stimulate both.

From exclusive information received about two months ago, many Warriors were satisfied that Great Britain would never pass an act at all, but just go on catching seals until we blew her out of the water. In that case the United States was to "act alone." It is true she has now passed an act, but what an act it is! The *Evening Sun* says, "There is serious doubt how far it goes." The Providence *Journal* calls for a "prompt and emphatic protest." The Chicago *Journal* is naturally "too much exasperated to regard any longer with calmness either Canadian brutality or English duplicity." The *Mail and Express* says that "once more" (last time not mentioned) "this administration has been overreached by England. Does any one think President Harrison or Mr. Blaine, etc., etc." The Boston *Journal* says it is "a successful game of bluff against the American Government." The penalty for sealing without a license imposed by the American act is a fine of not less than $200 and imprisonment for not more than six months. The penalties in the British act are doubtless the same. But we have had for some time an act making sealing unlawful, within certain dates. The British have not. It is now lawful for a British subject to go sealing. To send him to jail and fine him for disobeying an act which was passed while he was at sea, and of which he had no notice, would be something new in British jurisprudence, and apparently a violation of natural justice. In fact, it is a fair question whether ignorance of the act would not be a bar to conviction in any court of justice. Therefore, the British act allows the commanding officer of the cruiser, if he is satisfied that the captain of a sealer whom he has caught did not know of the passage of the act before he sailed, to let him off without arrest or trial. But, of course, he ceases to catch seals from that moment.

This much in explanation of a rather silly row. But we do not put it forward as a reason why there should not be a war. There surely must be some earthly punishment for the immorality of Great Britain, and as no other power seems disposed to tackle her, why should not our journalists undertake it? Her conduct with regard to Hawaii we have already mentioned. Her monopoly of the South American trade is equally provoking. Senator Lodge in his great silver speech shows that "it is England which is to-day the great enemy of any effort for the restoration of silver to the world's currency."

> "I do not mean," said he, "the whole of England, but the bankers and moneyed interests of London. . . . England is governed in her attitude towards silver solely by her own interests. She is not engaged in maintaining the gold monometallic standard because she is in love with what some persons declare to be an economic truth. She is engaged in maintaining it because her bankers and capitalists believe it pays. Therefore, it seems to me if there is any way to strike England's trade, or strike her moneyed interests, it is our clear policy to do it in the interest of silver."

Now, can there be any better way of "striking her trade and her moneyed interests" than war? We can cover the sea with fast cruisers who would destroy or shut up in port all her mercantile marine in a month, and put a stop to her infernal habit of buying our produce and giving us her damnable goods in exchange. We want her gold, and her gold we cannot get except by force. Moreover, there is a moral side to war which cannot be overlooked. Knowing that these London bankers and moneyed interests are sticking to the monometallic system "in their own interest," and "because it pays," should we allow them to persist in their vicious courses? Ought we not with our resources to "pull" these banking-houses, so to speak, in the interest of mankind? We have already in Hawaii struck a splendid blow for chastity. Should we not in England strike another blow for unselfishness and silver? The spectacle of superb disdain for profit which we ourselves show in all our transactions, has evidently been thrown away on this brutal Power. It is time to give her a touch of real Christianity at the cannon's mouth. And it must stir every American (not to say journalistic) heart to know that, when the blow is struck, it will be struck for a modest, unassuming metal like silver, which vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up, and if people do not like to buy it at one dollar and twenty-nine cents an ounce, goes quietly and patiently at sixty-three and a half cents an ounce. A war for silver and to punish the wicked English bankers who use gold "because it pays," would in truth kindle once more in the modern world a flame of that sacred thirst for right and justice which seems for the present to have taken refuge in Coxey's army.

THE AWAKENING OF HINDOSTAN.

LONDON, March 30, 1894.

CASUAL visitors to the House of Commons are not likely particularly to notice a certain quiet, elderly gentleman, under-sized, slightly built, sallow-complexioned, kindly-eyed, with white hair and beard, and wearing gold spectacles, who occupies a seat on the second bench below the gangway. Yet upon him centre the political hopes of tens of millions of the human race; his death would perhaps be sincerely felt as a personal, a real loss by a greater number than would that of any other person. This man is Dadabhai Naoroji, "member for India," by grace of the electors of Finsbury.

The more it is considered, the more wonderful appears the sway of the United Kingdom over India; two North Atlantic Islands, smaller in area than the State of California, controlling a territory four thousand miles distant in the torrid zone, thirteen times their size, and with eight times the population—a territory held so firmly and yet so lightly as to require but one-twentieth (in proportion to population) the display of military force required to attach a component part of that kingdom, professing a common Christianity, and conquered seven hundred years ago. From time to time our hearts sicken, and our cheeks flush with indignation, at the well-authenticated accounts of brutal wrong and outrageous oppression inflicted in our name in the East. We cannot glory in empire which had its rise in lust of gain and aggrandizement, not in the spirit of Bishop Heber's hymn. Such empire must be accepted as a fact, calling, not for idle repinings over the past, but for the discharge of the responsibilities entailed upon us in the present; and we should not, perhaps, dwell so much upon the degree in which the exercise of this empire falls short of Christian ideals as on the manner in which, in present intention and effort, it rises above all previous ideals of empire on such a gigantic scale.

There are perhaps some hundreds of young Indians in London, of all races and of all creeds, engaged in study or business. Girton and Newnham, as well as Oxford and Cambridge, have their Indian alumni. There are also numbers of Indian residents and Indian visitors, often of princely rank. When at assemblies, mixing with these our Indian fellow-subjects upon terms of perfect equality (in so far as we are equal to them), there is something exhilarating and inspiring in the thought that we are all bound together under the same power, that our interests are to a certain extent identical, that, theoretically, at least, we stand upon the same level. It is a measurable approach to a "federation of the world." While as yet there has been no realization of the Imperial proclamation issued after the Mutiny—a proclamation guaranteeing equal consideration and protection for the poorest Indian ryot and for the British noble—it was yet an irrevocable step forward. The old ideal of India, a land to be exploited for the benefit

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of a chartered company, was superseded by that of India to be governed for the benefit of its inhabitants. If, as has been said, to stand on London Bridge and watch the traffic rolling by would be a cure for separatist aspirations in the mind of an Indian potentate, so will study by young Indians in the Inns of Court and the universities prevent their ever resting satisfied with less fair dealing and liberty in their own country than are accorded on English soil.

On the other hand, the democracy of the United Kingdom are realizing the extent to which "Indian methods" of government and administration might react upon them at home; they are beginning to observe that most British gentlemen, after a few years' service in India, whether as simple writers or as proconsuls, return deeply imbued with suspicion regarding the masses and with reactionary notions of government. Then, again, the close intercourse with a mass of acute religious thought such as exists in India, impervious, for the most part, to Christian dogmas, yet combined with a high standard of civilization and of daily life, has doubtless largely contributed towards the modifying of old notions regarding the necessity of belief in the creeds of the schoolmen, for happiness in this life and hopes concerning the next. Thousands here are learning that the lives of many professing Christians in India are more "heathen" than those of the heathen themselves; which helps to bring home the truth that real Christianity consists in a life and not in a name—that "the heathen in his blindness" may be more truly Christlike than the professing Christian. British missionary effort may be well content if it can counteract, even in a small degree, the heathenizing influences of British occupation. The attitude of mind, in the future, of young Britishers who are likely to be called to positions of responsibility in the state towards the natives of India, cannot but be modified by present emulation with these in classical and mathematical triposes, rowing contests, and cricket elevens.

Nowhere, though as yet but feebly in comparison with what they ought to be and will yet be, are the stirrings of the national conscience regarding India more marked than in the House of Commons. The idea of empire loses force in no degree with the increase of democratic sentiment; it has, however, become purified and elevated—interfused with a nobler conception of duty towards the governed. Returned Anglo-Indian officials are no longer having it all their own way. A committee has been formed of members determined that more attention shall in future be given to the claims of the people of India. Powerful impetus has been afforded to this movement, both within and without the walls of Parliament, by the circumstance of two quiet American ladies (Mrs. Andrews and Dr. Kate Bushnell), by their investigation of the cantonments system, having brought to their knees Lord Roberts and a great department. It is felt that we are indeed living in a fool's paradise regarding Indian administration when it has been possible for Anglo-Indian officials for many years deliberately to defy the declared will of the House of Commons, and when, but for a combination of saintlike devotion, tact, and "Yankee" 'cuteness on the part of two ladies travelling without credentials, the British public would still be blinded as to a continuance of the foulest practices.

The mainstays of the Indian movement in Parliament are Mr. Naoroji and Sir William Wedderburn. Mr. Naoroji is a Parsee, son of a Parsee priest, born at Bombay in 1825. After a distinguished career at the Elphinstone College, he attained to the professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy. In 1855 he became partner in a Parsee firm in England, still keeping his grasp of Indian affairs, establishing the Indian Association, and helping several public men, such as Mr. Fawcett, to graduate in their studies of Indian problems. Twenty years later he returned to India as prime minister of the native State of Baroda. He was shortly afterwards made a member of the Legislative Council of Bombay. For many years past he has resided in London, devoting himself mainly to the cause of his people. He is an eloquent man, speaking English with no more foreign accent than many of the Welsh members. He is one of the most regular attenders in the House, an ardent Liberal, but seldom intervening in debate except on Indian subjects. Sir William Wedderburn, member for Banffshire, born in Edinburgh in 1835, entered the Bombay civil service in 1860, served as judge at Poona, then as member of the High Court of Bombay, and ultimately was appointed secretary to the Bombay government. He retired in 1887. He is a remarkable instance of an official of long service and high standing in India who has returned home imbued with deep sympathy for and appreciation of his fellow-subjects in that country. These gentlemen are aided by others who have visited India and made its affairs their special study.

Education, railway communication, intercourse with the United Kingdom, the establishment of a widely extended and powerful and irrepressible vernacular press, have led to an awakening throughout the population of Hindostan, and a sense of oneness among its different States and religions and many tongues such as never before existed. This awakening has found a voice in the establishment of a native congress which, in different parts of the continent, and with a gradually increasing attendance, has met annually since 1885. Commencing with 72 delegates from public meetings and native constituted bodies, they have latterly numbered 1,800.* The delegates are both male and female. They include "all sorts and conditions of men": at the last of which I have an analysis there were 7 princes, 7 sirdars and chiefs, 2 rajahs, 10 nawabs, 8 members of council, 260 chairmen or members of municipalities, 180 chairmen of local boards, 50 magistrates, 12 fellows and 250 graduates of universities. There were lawyers, landholders, merchants and traders, professional men and women, Christian and non-Christian priests, teachers, journalists, and artisans. "It is difficult," says a contemporary report, "to conceive any possible body of men more thoroughly representative of the higher, middle, and upper-lower classes of the Indian community." The preponderating creed was Hindu; then came Mohammedans, and, in smaller numbers, Parsees, Christians, Jains, Sikhs, Jews. Bombay and Sindh sent the larger number; Madras, the northwest provinces and Oudh, the central provinces and Berar, Bengal, Behar, Orissa, and Assam come next; then the Punjab. Surely the world never before saw such consultative assemblies, and the United Kingdom may be proud of them as the best results of her rule. The gatherings take place in the cooler season, about Christmas, and last for three or four days. Sir William Wedderburn presided at the Bombay congress of 1889. (Mr. Bradlaugh also was there and received a wonderful ovation.) Mr. Naoroji has since presided, for the second time, at the last which met at Lahore, on the 27th of December. His reception at Bombay and other places which he visited gave occasion for scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm. Many who have witnessed the pomp and pageantry attendant on the arrival of a viceroy, who have been present at receptions accorded to members of the royal family, declare that the spontaneity and enthusiasm manifested towards the member for Finsbury were "unprecedented in the annals of the country."

His opening address at Lahore, the debates and resolutions of the Congress, enable us to gauge the present opinions and wishes of the Indian people. We find expressed, in the first place, unswerving allegiance to the United Kingdom, and in the next a firm determination that in India the empire shall be administered by the Indian people, as in Great Britain it is administered by the British people. The necessity for many changes in the laws and administration is pointed out. The poverty of the country is dwelt on, and the need of economy in taxation. The currency question received attention. The failure to carry out the resolutions of Parliament regarding the cantonment scandals formed the subject of one resolution. Greater facilities for education, a larger share in the civil-service appointments, were demanded. One of the most pressing grievances appears to be the "Home charges"—the shameful extent to which money burthens, incurred in England by the English people, are charged upon the Indian budget; not only the home training of cadets and troops who spend only part of their service in India, but their cost of transport, and the keep of British war vessels in Indian waters. India pays not only for the enormous salaries of governors and officials, but also for retiring pensions, every penny of which is spent in the United Kingdom or on the Continent. There is something incredibly mean in the wealthiest nation in the world "entertaining" in her capital Eastern potentates such as the Sultan and the Shah of Persia, and charging the cost upon the people of Hindostan. Just in proportion as the retention of the country is declared necessary for British greatness and prestige, is the shabbiness manifest of throwing all the cost of its retention upon its people. The Colonial Offices in London were built at a cost of £100,000, and are kept up at an annual charge of £200,000 by the British people simply because they dare not attempt to throw the charge on their colonies. The India Office was built at a cost of some £635,000, and is maintained at an annual charge of £230,000, out of the pockets of the Indian people, without their having a word to say in the matter. Mr. Naoroji well put the case in his opening address at Lahore:

"There is a strange general misapprehension among the people of the United Kingdom. They do not seem to know that they have not spent a single shilling either in the formation of the British Indian Empire or in its maintenance, and that, as far as I know, every farthing is taken from the Indians, with the only exception in my knowledge that Mr. Gladstone, with his sense of justice, allowed £5,000,000 towards the last Afghan war, which, without having any voice in it, cost India £21,000,000. I cannot blame the people of the United Kingdom generally for this mistake, when even well-informed papers give utterances to this most unfortunate fallacy. As for instance a paper like the *Statist* . . . says, 'Whatever may happen, we must defend India to our last shilling and our last man,' while the fact is that they have not spent even their first shilling or any shilling at all, but on the contrary derived benefits in various ways from

*The numbers to which the congresses have attained are found so unwieldy and expensive that restricting the members to 1,000 is contemplated.

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India of millions on millions every year. Nor have the fighters in creating and maintaining the British Indian Empire been only the British soldier to 'the last man.' Indian soldiers have done the main work, and if India can be made prosperous and contented, as it can be by true statesmanship, the Indian soldier will be ready to fight to 'the last man' to defend British power. . . . Again, the *Statist* says: 'We are at this moment spending large sums of money in preparing against a Russian attack.' Not a farthing of the British money. Every farthing of these 'large sums,' and which are crushing us, is 'imposed' upon the people of British India."

The Indian National Congress has thirty-four standing committees in different parts of the country. Besides these there is a British Committee, with offices in London, which has charge of the publication of *India*, a monthly journal. As yet the Government refuse officially to recognize the Congress, so that all representations on its behalf must come through the Parliamentary Indian Committee.

D. B.

PASQUIER'S NAPOLEONIC MEMOIRS.—VIII.

PARIS, March 29, 1894.

To do Pasquier justice, when Talleyrand informed him that the King had thought it necessary to confide the ministry of police to Fouché, he made a strong remonstrance. He admitted that it was necessary to give some satisfaction to Fouché; "but," said he, "I do not believe that it is necessary to call him to the Council, and to admit him to the intimate circle of the King; there are spots which cannot be effaced, meetings that cannot take place without wounding delicacies which ought always to be respected. I pity the King very much for having such a minister, for I pity myself for having such a colleague. But since it is decided, and the King is resigned, we too must submit and keep a good countenance." The new cabinet was to be composed of Talleyrand in the Foreign Office, Baron Louis in the Treasury, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr in the War Office; the other ministers were to be Fouché, M. de Jaucourt, the Duc de Richelieu, and Pasquier. Talleyrand conducted Fouché to Arnouville, where he took the oath. Fouché afterwards prided himself greatly on having, in this first interview, given the King the most salutary advice. "I have," says Pasquier, "reason to think that he merely muttered a few words of gratitude, a few protestations of fidelity."

The Prussians were already occupying the garden of the Luxembourg and the Tuileries when Fouché assembled the members of the provisional government, and, by his advice, a message of dissolution was sent to the Chambers, with the explanation that the intentions of the allied sovereigns were unanimous as to the choice of a sovereign for France—that they had engaged themselves to reëstablish Louis XVIII. on the throne. "In this state of things, we can only pray for our country. Our deliberations having ceased to be free, we are of opinion that we must separate." And thus ended the session of a Chamber which had vainly tried to establish constitutional institutions, which had had no influence on the course of events, and had served only to create new complications in the most complicated situation. The signature of Carnot was found at the end of the message sent to the Chambers. The King made his entry the next day; the National Guard preserved order in the city, and the crowd received the old King with acclamations which astonished those who, a few days before, were sincerely giving utterance to the darkest forebodings.

The occupation of France was much more stringent in 1815 than it had been in 1814. The Prussians, who formed the vanguard of the coalition, manifested the most dangerous disposition. Marshal Blücher had occupied in great haste the garden of the Tuileries and the Carrousel; from his windows the King could see the Prussian tents in the court and the guns turned towards his palace. On the request of Humboldt, the Prussians consented not to establish themselves in the Jardin des Plantes. The bridge over the Seine called the Bridge of Jena, in memory of one of the greatest defeats of the Prussian army, Blücher intended to blow up, and the mine was already prepared when Louis XVIII. authorized M. de Talleyrand to declare that he would himself go and place himself over the mine; the bridge was thus saved.

The news from the provinces was terrible. The greatest excesses were committed by those who had been the allies of imperial France, by the Bavarians, the Würtembergers, the Badenese.

"It seemed," says Pasquier, "as if the whole of Europe wished to invade France. Though the show of such numerous forces had become absolutely useless, it was thought necessary to give to the French nation the spectacle of the irresistible power to which it was ordered to kneel. Not a single corps, notwithstanding the rapid success of the Duke of Wellington and of General Blücher, notwithstanding the occupation of the capital, had suspended its march; all those, from the frontiers to the Rhine, who bore a gun, all those who were not indispensable to the guard of the states and of the fortresses, were concentrating on the French territory. More than six hundred thousand men, covering the provinces of the East and of the North, soon penetrated as far as Normandy and the provinces of the right bank of the Loire."

On the 10th of July, the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia arrived in Paris. It is easy to imagine under what difficulties the Government was carried on. Pasquier for a moment had two ministries—the Home Office, where he took M. de Barante for his under-secretary, and the Department of Justice, where he chose M. Guizot, whose name begins to appear at this unfortunate period. Pasquier had to choose the new prefects, to see that public order was preserved during the difficult operation of disbanding the army of the Loire—an operation which had been imposed by the allied sovereigns, and which Talleyrand had not dared to refuse, though the remainder of the imperial army might well have formed a nucleus for the royal army. Pasquier is never tired of complaining of Talleyrand. On this question of disbanding the army he says:

"As for Talleyrand, his extreme levity, his profound indifference on the gravest subjects, never were more sadly manifested to my eyes than in this circumstance. I tried for a moment to enlighten him on the political side of it; he seemed not to care for it. His mind did not go beyond the difficulties of execution; none of the possible consequences for the future seemed worthy of fixing his attention. 'It cannot be otherwise; nothing can be done without it; the sovereigns demand it imperiously; there is no possibility of refusing.' Such were invariably his answers. I must add that the King, Monsieur, and the Duc de Berry had on this point no greater scruples, no greater regrets."

It was impossible (as Pasquier himself is obliged to confess) for the King not to have a lasting impression of the defection of the army when Napoleon arrived from Elba; he could not but look on it as a military revolt, and the allied sovereigns perforce took the same view. The disbanding of the army which had fought at Waterloo was a political necessity. With all his apparent indifference and levity, Talleyrand has never been accused of a want of political insight; if he made no opposition to the disbanding of the army, it was probably because this measure was really indispensable.

Pasquier passes a severe criticism on the *final acts of the Congress of Vienna*, which were published at this period:

"I was much struck at first by the inconvenience to France that might result from so many points of contact with Prussia which were given to it, and also by the constitution of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which was contrary to all the ideas that had been prevalent in French politics since Richelieu. I must confess my apprehensions were strongly checked and shaken by the noisy joy which was affected by the persons who surrounded Talleyrand, by the satisfaction which pervaded his bearing and his language. It seemed, when you heard him and his friends, that nothing greater had ever been achieved in any epoch by any French negotiator."

Fouché had made two lists of persons who had been particularly compromised during the Hundred Days. The first list was to include those who might be impeached for high treason, since they had attacked the Government with arms in hand, and had assumed public offices. They were to be tried by court-martial. The second list was to include those who might be the object of less severe measures. To Fouché it was a labor of love to make proscription lists. "What was not our astonishment," says Pasquier, "to see him bring to the Council two enormous lists which had three or four times more names than was necessary, and on which, without any scruple, he had put together his most intimate political friends and some obscure enemies on whom he wished to make his vengeance felt. The whole Council was revolted by the exaggeration in the number and by the spirit which had presided over the choice." Many names were struck off; there remained only eighteen on the list of the persons destined to be court-martialled, and thirty-eight on the second list. On the former were Marshal Ney and Gen. La Bédoyère, as well as M. de la Valette. Marshal Ney was arrested in the mountains of Auvergne, near Figeac. Pasquier had hoped that he would leave France, and no special order had been issued for his arrest. M. Décazes was prefect of police, and was, says Pasquier, very unjustly accused of having issued special orders for Ney. Fouché's position in the Council was a very singular one; he never spoke in the discussions, but he brought in from time to time long and well-written reports on the state of the country, which he invariably depicted in the darkest colors. The King asked him not to give any publicity to these confidential reports. One of them, however, was published, and Louis XVIII. decided to dismiss Fouché. Fouché was aware of it, and, at his request, the Duke of Wellington called on the King and urged him to retain Fouché. "He is," said the Duke, "the only tie between you and a great part of your people; many consider him the only guarantee of their personal safety, and, if your Majesty dismisses him, they will fall into a disquietude which will lead them to despair. On the other hand, the royalist party, which is already so unreasonable, will become impossible to govern." Louis XVIII. felt constrained to keep Fouché. The person who had told the latter that the King wished to get rid of him was, in Pasquier's opinion, M. de Vitrolles, whom the King had chosen for secretary of the Council, and who was in most in-

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timate relations with him. Vitrolles had been thrown in prison during the Hundred Days, and felt convinced that he owed his life to Foucher.

There was a great coldness between Talleyrand and the Russian Emperor. Nobody was aware of it, but Pasquier soon discovered it. Early one morning he was riding with M. de Nesselrode when the conversation fell upon the affairs of France. Nesselrode spoke of the misfortune of the association of the royalists with Fouché, of the bad effect which such an association had on all parties. "This bad effect," said Pasquier, "would have been much counterbalanced by the entrance of the Duc de Richelieu into the cabinet, as was intended; but the Duke refused. Why did not the Emperor Alexander use his influence over him to determine him to accept?" Nesselrode answered that times were much changed. "In what?" said Pasquier. "Is it not always the same France? Is it not the same house of Bourbon? Do you not find in affairs the same men with whom you came to so good an understanding?" And he named Talleyrand. Nesselrode said not a word at the mention of Talleyrand's name. Pasquier then spoke of the generosity of the Emperor; he should always count upon it. "Yes," said Nesselrode, "but he himself ought to feel confidence. He has been taught to be suspicious." Nesselrode evidently thought Pasquier thoroughly informed of all that had been going on during the Congress of Vienna. At Vienna Talleyrand had allied himself with the central powers of Europe and with England, and had separated France from Russia. Pasquier's remarks on this subject have a special interest at a moment when France, estranged from the central powers, is drawn again towards Russia. This great question of the natural alliances of France is still *sub judice*, and it is more burning now than it was in 1816.

The Talleyrand-Fouché cabinet could not last long. Talleyrand desired very much to send Fouché as minister to the United States. "He must not only," said he, "leave the cabinet, he must leave France." The ministry resigned and Pasquier communicated Talleyrand's decision to the King, who merely said, "Very well! let us dissolve the ministry. As for you, you will remain. I shall keep you." Pasquier refused, and the next day Louis XVIII. said to Beugnot: "Could you ever have believed that M. Pasquier would prefer M. de Talleyrand to me?" Pasquier in reality disliked Talleyrand, but he had a notion of what a cabinet meant under a constitutional government; he knew that there must be some solidarity between its members. The King, intelligent as he was, looked upon the ministers as the mere servants of the monarchy, the *gens du Roi*. The Duc de Richelieu formed the new cabinet, and here ends the third volume of these very valuable memoirs.

Correspondence.

WOMEN AND THE JURY-BOX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent "G. S.," in the *Nation* of March 29, deems it contrary to justice that women are excluded from serving as jurors in such cases as the one he alludes to now pending in Washington. He complains that unfortunately there exist in the minds of men two distinct codes of sexual morals, one for the man and one for the woman, and thinks woman-suffragists will rightly insist that women as well as men ought to be tried by their peers.

We hear it often repeated nowadays that simple justice demands for men and women the same standard of morals. This, at first sight, seems self-evident; and yet it is easy to show that the proposition involves a serious fallacy. If all people, or the great majority of people, were unmarried, the proposition might be tenable; but the moment we take into consideration the mischief produced in the family by the sexual sins of either the husband or the wife, the matter is altogether changed. The wife has the incomparable advantage of knowing under all circumstances that she has her own children about her. The husband's case is quite another where there is a laxity of morals. Herein lies the difference; and that, where doubts arise, the wrong done to the husband is immensely greater than that done to the wife, seems at all times to have been tacitly acknowledged by public opinion. Hence the stricter code for women. So long as the peace and happiness of the family are taken into consideration, this must remain the rule.

When female suffrage becomes universally established, women will, of course, have to serve on juries. There are grave psychological objections to such practice, but it is by no means easy to establish these to the satisfaction even of those who wish to study the question in an earnest spirit and without political bias. The trouble is that as yet we have nothing that deserves the name of a scientific psychology available for practical purposes. If you say that women are too easily carried away by sentiment instead of being guided by sound judgment, how will you prove it? Your own little circle of acquaintances is far from sufficient to establish such a general proposition. The statistical method which would at once settle the question cannot be employed, because as yet we possess no method of psychological measurements. When Quetelet's 'Anthropométrie' appeared, it was a great disappointment to many that he had made no attempt at measuring psychic quantities, though Fechner, in his 'Psycho-Physik,' had at least made an attempt to apply his *Maass-formel* also to matters of mind. The whole school of Wundt and his disciples has as yet produced nothing to our purpose, and we shall have to make our experiments and gather wisdom slowly in the hard school of experience.

Respectfully, Werner A. Stille.

St. Louis, April 3, 1894.

GERMAN PROFESSORS' WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the article "Women at the German Universities," published in the *Nation* of February 15, 1894, and signed "J. B. S.," the writer states that the wives and daughters of the German professors are, with some exceptions, ordinary ill-educated women. Intimate association with a very large circle of professors' families enables me to deny such a statement and affirm the exact opposite to be the case. The average German girl receives an education far superior to that of the American girl. Every girl, the common working classes excepted, upon leaving school at the age of sixteen or seventeen, has had, besides a very thorough elementary education, instruction in literature, universal history, natural history, natural philosophy, botany, history of art, French, English, and often Italian, given by competent professors and teachers. The daughters of professors are certainly no exception, as the professor may choose his wife among the best of families, and as a rule takes advantage of this opportunity. A certain modesty and want of self-reliance may make the German woman appear to disadvantage beside the American who at school compared her ability with that of the American boy, and through this association gained more freedom socially as well as intellectually.

The idea that the American girl is doing pioneer work regarding the admission of women to the German universities is also a mistake, as I know of a case of a young lady having had great difficulty in gaining admission because an American applied at the same time.

E. L. W.

Carlsruhe, March 22, 1894.

Notes.

Frederick Warne & Co. will publish in thirty-six monthly parts 'The Royal Natural History,' edited by Richard Lydekker, and illustrated by 1,600 cuts and 72 colored plates.

Francis P. Harper, New York, has nearly ready a new edition of John Heneage Jesse's 'Memoirs of King Richard the Third,' in two volumes, with rubricated title-pages and illustrations printed on Japan paper. He will in time publish Maj. Zebulon Pike's 'Account of Expeditions to the Sources of the Mississippi, 1805-1807,' which Dr. Eliott Coues is engaged in editing, uniform with Dr. Coues's monumental Lewis and Clark.

'Crazy Book-Collecting, or Bibliomania,' a translation of a work, by Bollioud Mermet, Secretary to the Academy of Lyons, first published in 1761, anonymously, is about to be brought out by Duprat & Co., New York.

A new authorized translation of Th. Ribot's 'Diseases of the Will' is announced for speedy publication by the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

Charles L. Webster & Co. will issue immediately 'Tom Sawyer Abroad,' by Mark Twain.

J. B. Lippincott Co.'s spring announcements include 'Bill Nye's History of the United States,' illustrated by F. Opper; 'Travels in a Tree-top,' by Dr. Charles C. Abbott; and a limited large-paper edition of Stillé's 'Major-General Wayne and the Pennsylvania Line,' with extra illustrations.

John Fiske's 'War of Independence' is to be reissued as a part of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s "Riverside Literature Series," forming a double number at a low price. It will be accompanied by a biographical sketch of the author.

Three acceptable reissues are the cheaper edition of Mr. Benjamin Ellis Martin's 'In the Footprints of Charles Lamb' (Scribners), and Edmund Lee's 'Dorothy Wordsworth' and Miss Barlow's rhymed 'Bog-Land Studies' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The second edition of these humorous and pathetic Irish pictures—true poesy—has been revised and enlarged.

A welcome is sure to await also the square rubricated pocket edition of the "Tempest," the text that of Aldis Wright in the Cambridge Shakspere, the tasteful typography and accessories Dent's (New York: Macmillan). The Droeshout portrait, with Ben Jonson's verse, serves as frontispiece.

The long line of the Harpers' uniform revised edition of William Black's novels is extended by 'Donald Ross of Heimra' and 'Stand Fast, Craig-Royston!'

The London Royal Geographical Society puts forth a seventh edition of its fruitful 'Hints to Travellers, Scientific and General,' with the

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customary overhauling and enlargement. Hints on outfit are followed by medical and surgical hints, by instructions in surveying and astronomical observations, as well as in observations for time and longitude. Photography, meteorology, natural history, anthropology, industry, and commerce have also their chapters. The necessary tables, charts, and cuts are provided, and the cover bears the metric scale in juxtaposition with the English foot measure.

We have nothing to add to our description and commendation last year of Burdett's 'Hospital and Charities Annual,' in presence of the fifth edition, for 1894 (London: Scientific Press; New York: Scribners). This work is not merely statistical, but is an earnest contribution to advanced ideas in charitable endeavor. We quote the sub-title of this admirable compendium: "Containing a review of the position and requirements, and chapters on the cost of management, of the voluntary charities, and an exhaustive record of hospital work for the year." No doubt can attach to its claim to be "the most useful and reliable guide to British American and colonial hospitals and asylums, medical schools and colleges, religious and benevolent institutions, dispensaries, nursing and convalescent institutions." Mr. Burdett was one of the vice-presidents of the International Hospital and Nursing Congress at Chicago, and was greatly impressed by the proceedings in the Nursing section.

It would equally tax our ingenuity to say anything new of Mr. J. Scott Keltie's 'Statesman's Year-Book' for 1894 (Macmillan). The editor calls attention especially to the recasting of the naval sections. We will suggest his adding to the list of non-official publications respecting the United States Schouler's and Rhodes's histories, Poore's 'Political Register and Congressional Directory,' Edward McPherson's invaluable 'Handbook of Politics,' published in the even years; Appletons' 'Cyclopædia of American Biography,' and Baedeker's 'United States.' It might also be well to take notice of the American translation of Tocqueville's 'Démocratie en Amérique,' here cited only in the original.

The contents of the third and concluding volume of the 'Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis,' edited by Prof. Norton (Harpers), are wholly of a memorial nature—one half relating to the civil war and the Revolution, the other to eminent deceased civilians, including in this rough division a centennial local historical discourse, and the tribute to Burns at the unveiling of his statue in Central Park. The most delicate of all these tasks—and it was a labor of love—was the eulogy of Wendell Phillips delivered before the city authorities of Boston in 1884. Mr. Curtis's tact and discrimination were never better shown. Sumner, Bryant, and Garfield he had already commemorated; and with Lowell he was to cap his own literary monument in the year which took him from us. With the Brooklyn address on his lifelong friend the volume closes.

A correspondent writes to point out a wild misprint on page 301 of the second volume of Mr. Lowell's 'Letters,' a book which shows from end to end evidences of the minutest care in its making. "Resuscitate Sambo" the writer is made to say, where, as the context concerns Don Quixote, "resuscitate Sancho" must be meant. But merely human skill and watchfulness appear to be quite inadequate to guard against errors of the press. In the present instance, in spite of whatever natural annoyance he might feel at the fatality, one fancies that Mr. Lowell himself would hardly be able to keep from laughing at the notion of such a queer waking-up of the wrong passenger.

Accident has so much to do with the production of biographies that it is hardly strange that so popular a writer as the late Dr. J. G. Holland has but just been commemorated in a formal Life ('Josiah Gilbert Holland,' by Mrs. H. M. Plunkett; New York: Scribners). The little volume before us betrays the admirer, but not the practised book-maker or competent portraitist. It fills a gap, but it is not a literary monument. Still, one may get from it some idea of Dr. Holland's character and achievement. There are several portraits and views.

The student who is familiar with Prof. Thomas Preston's 'Theory of Light' will welcome the appearance of his 'Theory of Heat' (Macmillan). The plan of the work is similar to that employed in the former volume. An historical account is given of the subject, and then the classical researches are described, together with an outline of the mathematical theories. From all this the general reader can get a comprehensive view, while the specialist is provided with a valuable book for reference.

Prof. Glazebrook's little treatise on 'Light' (Macmillan) is one of the Cambridge Natural Science Manuals. It embodies the author's experience in conducting a course in the Cavendish Laboratory. We remark that the experiments are not severely quantitative—indeed, are in general qualitative—whereas in American physical laboratories the tendency is to make all work quantitative. Prof. Glazebrook is well known as an authority in his specialty; his text-book is correct and well arranged.

'Telephone Lines and their Properties,' by William J. Hopkins, Professor of Physics in the Drexel Institute of Art, Science, and Industry (Longmans), is intended, according to the preface, for the practical man; but the author has also endeavored to make it serve as a basis for a lecture course to students. He has therefore given, in addition to practical hints to telephone engineers, a certain amount of the theory of periodic electrical currents. The practical part of the book is the result to a large degree, we infer, of personal experience, and is therefore good. The theoretical portion would afford a very meagre basis for a lecture course to even elementary students. No student intending to become an electrical engineer, and especially a telephone engineer, should be led to suppose that he can make any solid advance without a good knowledge of mathematics. The valuable work of Oliver Heavyside in telephony is not mentioned. In spite of the abstruse form in which Heavyside has put his results, there is much in his work that should be referred to in even an elementary treatise on telephone lines.

Mr. Philip Atkinson, in his 'Electric Transformation of Power and its Application by the Electric Motor, including Electric Railway Construction' (D. Van Nostrand Co.), aims to give in untechnical language the main facts pertinent to his theme. The book contains short descriptions, accompanied by illustrations, of the principal dynamos and motors now in vogue. The author has excluded all historical matter and all reference to antiquated forms of electrical apparatus; and the student or general reader who desires to know what dynamos and motors are now in practical use will find this little treatise valuable. One could take exception to the language of the definitions given. For instance, it is stated that "electric potential" is that condition in bodies which represents the relative electric energy manifested by them. One could hardly obtain a clear idea of electrostatic potential and magnetic potential from this, and it would have been better to limit the definition of potential to the mere statement that in general it represents the work done in bringing a unit charge or a unit pole from infinity up to the given point. It is stated, in the paragraph on storage-battery traction, that, under this system, the power station and motors cost just the same for construction and maintenance as the trolley or conduit systems. This has not been conclusively proved.

Last August we noticed the Bureau of Education's World's Fair exhibit of 5,000 volumes for a popular library (now permanently preserved at the Bureau in Washington), and the accompanying classed catalogue. The dictionary catalogue has just been added to the others in No. 200 of the Bureau's publications, and now this stout missionary volume of 600 pages will, we hope, begin its travels *in partibus*, promoting the founding of public libraries and revealing the arts of cataloguing and classifying.

Visitors to Rome will be benefited by knowing of the useful little series of handbooks to the Roman collections of painting and statuary (the Edelweiss Collection) which are being brought out by Prof. Venturi of the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction, the competent pupil and successor of the veteran Cavalcaselle, now retired from the headship of the Department of Early Italian Art, by reason of age (Rome: La Società Laziale). Prof. Venturi's series, condensing in handy form the conclusions of the united intelligence of that admirable department of the fine arts of the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction, gives the important facts of the lives and careers of the painters, and the relations of their schools, with such facts as are known of the particular works, as now identified. The latest volume of the Edelweiss Collection is that for the Borghese Gallery.

Dr. Moriz Heyne's 'Deutsches Wörterbuch' again gives signs of life in the section containing R-Setzen (Leipzig: Hirzel; New York: Westermann). Its distinguishing feature is its abundant citations from the best literary sources, from Luther and Hans Sachs to Heyse, Treitschke, and Ranke. Of the nearly 600 pages in this half-volume we have examined seven consecutive decades in order to note the frequency with which Goethe and Schiller are drawn upon, and in but one of the seventy pages did both names fail to appear, and that bore Schiller's. A like but not so pervasive a companionship is observable in the case of Bismarck and Moltke, who seem, of the men of to-day, most often quoted in their terse and stirring diction. "Setzen wir Deutschland, so zu sagen, in den *Sattel!*" says the man of blood and iron, "reiten wird es schon können!" These illustrative passages are clearly printed in Roman type, with volume and page indications. The completion of this dictionary is much to be desired.

M. Joseph Reinach has collected a series of extracts illustrative of the highest forms of eloquence in France from Mirabeau's time to the present day. The book, which bears the title 'L'Éloquence française depuis la Révolution jusqu'à nos jours,' recalls many a name almost forgotten and many a talent very brilliant in its day. It is essentially a class-book, but the excellence of the extracts and notes will commend the volume to the general reader.

Jules Carrara is a belated romanticist who, in his 'Heures Intellectuelles,' first series (Pa-

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ris: Fischbacher), writes pages of very watery criticism on French poetry in general and Victor Hugo in particular. It is sincerely to be hoped that the series will stop here, for there is nothing to be learned from such effusions.

Calmann Lévy has published in convenient book form M. Brunetière's *discours de réception* and the Comte d'Haussonville's reply. The discourse is all the more interesting in view of the journalistic discontent it evoked, and also of the noisy and stupid student demonstrations against the great professor and essayist.

Gyp's 'Le Journal d'un Philosophe' (Paris: Charpentier) is a delightfully impertinent and witty relation of the Panama scandal and other political affairs of the time. It makes capital reading.

Prof. E. J. James of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, Philadelphia, desires the addresses of all students of Halle now resident in America who would like to join in a congratulatory message to the University on occasion of its two hundredth anniversary, to be celebrated in August next. The message will be submitted to each person before his name is appended to it. Upwards of fifty signatures are already assured.

Following close in the wake of the American report of the committee of ten on Secondary Education, comes the announcement of a royal commission of fourteen men and three women to consider what are the best methods of establishing a well-organized system of secondary education in England, "taking into account existing deficiencies and having regard to such local sources of revenue from endowments or otherwise as are available for this purpose, and to make recommendations accordingly." The appointment of women on a royal commission on education is without precedent, but is an innovation which, a correspondent states, "has been received with general satisfaction throughout the country." The three female members of the commission are Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, principal of Newnham College, Cambridge; Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D.S.C., mistress of the North London Collegiate School for Girls and the well-known author of a suggestive little book, 'Educational Ends,' and Lady Frederick Cavendish, a member of the "classes" who has identified herself with various efforts to extend educational influences among the "masses." Besides these ladies, the personnel of this royal commission includes notable representatives of such other special parties in interest as the universities, the London County Council, the school boards and elementary teachers' associations, the public schools, the Teachers' Guild and College of Preceptors, the Nonconformists' establishments, and the working classes, its chairman being the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

Those who are interested in the courses in economics at the Plymouth (Mass.) School of Applied Ethics, which will open on July 12, can obtain already a list of lecturers and topics from the secretary, S. Burns Weston, 118 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia. The programme of dates is yet to appear.

We receive from the Interior Department seven samples of the Geological Survey's work in New York for the great Atlas of the United States, whose publication is still long to be deferred. The scale is uniformly 1:62,500—provokingly near an inch to a mile. There are two major sheets, one representing New York city and vicinity, with a range from Hastings to Long Branch, and from Flushing and New Rochelle to the Orange Mountains, including Newark and Paterson. A not inconsiderable part of this sheet coincides with the State Atlas of the New Jersey Geological Survey. The other represents Albany, and embraces Troy and Schenectady, ranging from Bemis Heights, Saratoga Lake, and Ballston Spa to Castleton on the Hudson. Intermediate reaches of this river are delineated on the adjacent quarter-degree sheets, called "West Point," including Peekskill, and "Poughkeepsie," including Fishkill; and on that called "Kaaterskill," which takes in the Mountain and Kaaterskill Houses and Onteora and Twilight Parks. We have, besides, a "Fort Henry" sheet, showing the upper part of Lake Champlain, Crown Point, Vergennes (Vt.), and Westport (N. Y.), and the adjacent sheet showing the glacial region about Elizabethtown. The topography is marked by contour levels at twenty-foot intervals, and the common roads and railroads are laid down. We judge that the engraving of these handsome maps has been executed by the Survey's own staff in Washington.

A lady who has been examining Elias Dexter's photographic reproduction (New York, 1862) of St.-Mémin's American portraits, notifies us, as a matter of general interest in the case of this invaluable series, of two erroneous ascriptions which she has discovered. No. 26, "Mrs. Yeaton," 1807, should be Mrs. John Thomas Ricketts; No. 693, "Mrs. Alex. Smyth," 1805, should be "Mrs. William Newton" of Alexandria, Va. Our informant owns the coppers and proofs of these portraits of her kinswomen.

—In preparing for the Columbian Exhibition, our Government applied to Pope Leo XIII. for photographic copies of documents in the Vatican archives showing the Papal action in regard to America during its early history. The Pope assented, and the photographs were exhibited at Chicago. Mr. J. C. Heywood, an American (Harv. Coll., 1855), to whom, as one of the Pope's chamberlains, or, as he describes himself in the dedication, "e cubiculariis S.S.D.N. ense et pallio distinctis," the application was made, has now issued an edition of the photographs with the text printed on the opposite page—an assistance for which those who are not versed in the reading of crabbed writing and skilful in the expansion of mediæval contractions will be grateful. That is to say, all who see the volume; for as only twenty-five copies were struck off, "for presentation to the more illustrious libraries," it will not reach many eyes. Prefixed is a portrait of Pope Alexander VI., photographed from the painting by Bernardo Pinturicchio in the Borghese palace in the Vatican, which shows, what was already well known, that there was no truth in the story that Alexander had his mistress, Rosa Vanozza, serve as the model for the Virgin to whom he was praying, since the Virgin is not represented at all in the picture. Pope Leo was generous in his response to the request of the United States, and did not limit the photographing to documents concerning the Columbian discovery. The first ten relate to a bishopric in Greenland beginning nearly three centuries before Columbus, in 1206, and ending in 1492. Three contain the famous partition of the New World between Spain and Portugal in 1493 by Alexander VI.; two praise Bartholomew and Diego Columbus; and eight prescribe the sending of missionaries and bishops for the conversion of the American savages. Most of the documents have already been printed elsewhere, but of course it is more convenient to consult them together, and it is interesting to see them in the chirography of the time. It is to be regretted, therefore, that the edition is so extremely small. One would like to learn which are the favored libraries. We only know that the British Museum is one of them.

—The field of negro folk-lore, so delightfully revealed to the public a few years ago by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, has already borne excellent fruit in the works also of Mr. Charles C. Jones, jr., and Miss Mary A. Owen. It is interesting to note that the value of the material already collected has been recognized in Europe: in Sudre's recent work, for example, 'Les Sources du Roman de Renart,' the negro animal tales of this country are constantly cited. At the suggestion of Miss Alice M. Bacon, some of the teachers and resident graduates of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., have lately formed a Folk-Lore Society, and have sent out to the Hampton graduates a circular provocative of research in the line of folk-tales, including animal tales and the like, customs, traditions of African ancestry, or of transportation to America, African words surviving in speech or song, ceremonies and superstitions, proverbs and sayings, and songs, with words or music or both. This circular has already produced an effect, and some of the material collected under its influence has been published in the monthly *Southern Workman and Hampton School Record* (January-March, 1894, vol. xxii., Nos. 1-3). It is greatly to be hoped that the Hampton Society, without in any way losing its local character or independence, may be affiliated to the American Folk-Lore Society, which is so deserving of encouragement, and whose journal offers a wider circulation than any local paper can do. It would also be well to control in some scientific manner the collection of material, and the excellent circular already sent out might be supplemented by a more elaborate *questionnaire*, models for which may be found in the *Annuaire des traditions populaires*, Paris, 1887 (by P. Sébillot), and in Mr. Gomme's 'Handbook of Folk-Lore' (London, 1890).

—Readers of scientific literature can hardly fail to notice the very different practices of American, English, and Continental writers in giving credit to their own countrymen for scientific work. The general rule is, that the French writer never attributes any work to a foreigner if he can find an excuse for crediting a compatriot with it; and the same was true with English writers until quite recently. Germans, on the other hand, have aimed at strict impartiality, not only for the sake of truthfulness itself, but perhaps to avoid exposing themselves to the imputation of ignorance of what was done abroad. In the case of American writers, however, a curious reversal of the English and French practice used sometimes to be noticed in the avoidance of any unnecessary allusion to the works of their countrymen, and even a preference for attributing discoveries to foreigners. We supposed that this practice had about died out, but there has just come to our notice, in the recently completed vol. v. of the publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, a curious piece of evidence that it is not extinct on the Pacific coast. In his anniversary address as president of the Royal Society of London, Lord Kelvin described the work of two American astronomers in discovering and explaining the law of periodic variation of the latitude, in the following terms:

"Some time previously it had been found by Mr. S. C. Chandler that the irregular variations of latitude which had been discovered in different observatories during the last fifteen

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years seemed to follow a period of about 427 days, instead of the 306 days given by Peters's and Maxwell's dynamical theory, on the supposition of the earth being wholly a rigid body. And now the German observations, although not giving so long a period as Chandler's, quite confirm the result that, whatever approximation to following a period there is, in the variations of latitude, it is a period largely exceeding the old estimate of 306 days. Newcomb, in a letter which I received from him last December, gave what seems to me to be undoubtedly the true explanation of this apparent discrepancy from dynamical theory, attributing it to elastic yielding of the earth as a whole. He added a suggestion, especially interesting to myself, that investigation of periodic variations of latitude may prove to be the best means of determining approximately the rigidity of the earth. As it is, we have now, for the first time, what seems to be a quite decisive demonstration of elastic yielding in the earth as a whole, under the influence of a deforming force, whether of centrifugal force around a varying axis, as in the present case, or of tide-generating influences of the sun and moon."

On page 43 of the publication in question, in a notice from the Lick Observatory, prepared by members of the staff, an abstract of Lord Kelvin's conclusions purports to be given, in which the paragraph referring to Chandler is wholly omitted, although forming the most important part; and in the paragraph relating to Newcomb's work words are omitted from Kelvin's statement in a way that might be called garbling, because it makes him appear as claiming for himself a discovery which he attributed to another.

—In connection with the subject of the variation of latitudes attention may be called to an important memoir by Bakhuyzen of Leyden presented to the Royal Academy of Sciences February 24, confirming Chandler's period from observations. Thirty-five years of observations at Pulkova, Greenwich, Berlin, Strassburg, Leyden, Potsdam, and elsewhere have conducted him to a periodicity of about 430⅜ days, with no evidence whatever of a change in the length of this period, and a value of its coefficient equal to 0″.168. The author also presented the results of his discussion of tidal observations at the Dutch station of Helder in the years 1855–1892, which give indication of a marked fluctuation of the sea level amounting to ⅝ inch in a period of about fourteen months, or practically the same as that of the latitude variation. The two results may be regarded as in entire accord, and seem to prove that the rigidity of the earth is about 1½ times as great as that of steel.

—The coming summer season is to be perhaps the most busy in arctic exploration of any year since the closing of the expeditions which were sent out in search of Sir John Franklin. Seemingly, there will be four main expeditions in the field at one time—those of Peary, Nansen, Wellman, and Jackson. Three of these have declared openly for the "farthest north," and it is to be assumed that Mr. Peary, whose main exploration centres about the delineation of the land-masses lying to the north of Greenland, will not hesitate to look poleward if a proper condition of the Frozen Sea presents itself. Indeed, it is known that he has prepared himself for just this contingency. At this writing, if he has successfully carried out the programme which he arranged before his departure, he is at Independence Bay, in lat. 81° 37′, preparing for or already undertaking the unknown journey northward. From last accounts received concerning the Nansen expedition it is almost safe to assume that the daring Norwegian has already reached the Siberian "drift" to which the fate of the *Fram* is to be consigned for a period, possibly, of three years. Mr. Wellman has selected for his "dash for the pole" the Parry route of 1827, taking to the Frozen Sea north of Spitzbergen. It will be interesting to note how far the experience of three-quarters of a century and the improvements in various directions which have been made during that period will tend to promote success, especially in the case of a leader who is an absolute novice in arctic exploration. The Spitzbergen route—or the nearly parallel Franz-Joseph Land route, which is to be followed by Mr. Jackson—is by many considered to be the most practicable avenue leading northward; and in a good season, with proper men and equipments, no difficulty ought to be experienced in far surpassing Parry's brilliant record of 82° 45′.

—An expedition supplemental to that of Mr. Peary will also be despatched this summer, under the auspices of the Geographical Club of Philadelphia, to Northwest Greenland, mainly with the purpose of bringing back the party now quartered there. It is expected that Mr. Peary will return to Bowdoin Bay in the last week of August, prepared for the homeward journey in the first week of September. This revival in arctic exploration will hardly be looked upon with favor by those who had believed that the end to such "useless" ventures had come with the Greely disaster, or who agreed with the late Commander Weyprecht that the arctic exploration of the future should leave the Polar question out. The Philadelphia Geographical Club also fathers an expedition to Labrador, which is to go out in June, under the leadership of Mr. C. E. Hite, a member of the Peary Relief Expedition of 1892.

—Mr. Henry Bradley has completed the first letter assigned to him as co-editor of the 'New English Dictionary,' and the thin instalment *Everybody–Ezod* just issued (Macmillan) shows that the letter E requires 488 pages. This allows D, on which Dr. Murray is at work and which is to be bound up with E as vol. iii., some 800 pages. The first two volumes, A–B and C, show a continuous pagination, but D–E will have two sets of folios—a matter of no consequence, or the very slightest. The tail end of E, with its shoal of compounds of ex-, extra-, etc., is superficially not very attractive, but it really possesses much interest for the student, if only in the realm of obsolete words and meanings. The historical notices of *exchequer*, *excise* (with its American usage confined to the tax on liquors), and *executive* (also in its special American constitutional significance) arrest attention; and there is a discussion of *Excelsior* as used adverbially on the State seal of New York, and by Longfellow in his poem, which leaves the latter instance a clear solecism, and the former in doubt. But the poet at least has given an abiding extension to the Latin; and was not that other American a poet who named the cushion stuffing of curled shavings which was patented in 1868 "excelsior"? Our British cousins make no claim to this word. Hawthorne in 1837 ventured *everyhow*, and no predecessor is cited; Jefferson leads the citations for the use of *extra* as an adjective (1780), Campbell's 'Rhetoric' in 1776 pronouncing this abbreviation (for *extraordinary*) a barbarism, along with *penult* (for *penultimate*). *Exterritoriality* and *extraterritoriality* both go back to Wheaton in 1836. Finally, *exclamation-point* is peculiar to American grammar; and *extend a* (promissory) *note* has passed unrecorded because also an Americanism, we presume.

—Syntactically, we find worth observing that all the examples under *everybody* exhibit it coupled with a distributive pronoun, as (1530) Lord Berners, "Everye bodye was in theyr lodgynges," (1820) Byron, "Everybody does and says what they please," and (1866) Ruskin, "Everybody seems to recover their spirits." Here the verb is in the singular, but we also have (1759) Bishop Warburton, "Every body else I meet with are full ready to go of themselves." The rule appears not to hold with *everything*. *In evidence*, taken over from the French, is first assigned to *Blackwood*, "18—," an indefiniteness seldom tolerated in this Dictionary; but we may also read under *excisemanship* "1837 Lockhart, Life Scott (F. Hall)," in default of chapter and verse. *Exploit* in the French sense is first met with in the *New Monthly Magazine* of 1838, and Carlyle next found it handy in 1847. *Ex post facto*, we are reminded, should properly be written *ex postfacto*. *Ex-libris* came into being in 1880, and already in 1890 there is a *Journal of the Ex-Libris Society*. For *university extension* we are referred to Mansel in 1850. George Augustus Sala is quoted for *Exposition* in 1868, and as the latest possible use of this naturalized word we have "The World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893." *Evolution* begins with Lyell in 1832; and Spencer flashes it on in 1852 to Darwin (1859), who then creates *evolutionist*. *Eye* is the most considerable single word in this instalment: its diverse forms almost baffle enumeration. Have they all been caught, or are there still some which may be styled, *pace* Sir Thomas Browne and Dr. Murray, *extradictionary*?

TAINE'S ORIGINS OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE.

Le Régime Moderne. Tome II. [Les Origines de la France Contemporaine.] Par H. Taine. Paris. 1894.

The Modern Régime. Translated by John Durand. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1894.

WHAT estimate should we form of the great work on which Taine's reputation must ultimately rest? Only after the lapse of years can a final answer be given to this inquiry. Time, and time alone, tests the character of literary as of other achievements. Still, the eighteen years which have passed since the publication of the first volume of 'Les Origines de la France Contemporaine,' combined with the fact that each of Taine's seven volumes is marked by the same merits and the same defects, makes it possible to pass a preliminary judgment on the result of his labors. His work, it is true, is incomplete, yet its general bearing and effect are known to every student; and while every one must regret that Taine did not bring his analysis of the influences which have produced modern France to a close, still his warmest admirers must admit the high improbability that an additional volume would have added to or taken anything material from our author's high reputation.

That Taine has achieved much must be patent to even the sternest of critics. He has, in the first place, gathered together an immense store of authentic and invaluable information about the Revolution and its results. Every page of the seven volumes teems with facts. To any one who possesses the least experience of the labor involved in original research, and of the equal, or greater, labor involved in lucid exposition of the results

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obtained by research, there is something appalling in the thought of the toil which must have gone to the production, not of a chapter, but even of a page, of Taine's monumental treatise. Readers who, when young, delighted in Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' must, in their mature age, when brought face to face with Taine's researches, feel ashamed of having been deluded into accepting a didactic rhetorician as a serious historian. Taine, again, has not only collected facts, he has made them visible to that very dull class known as the intelligent public. But he has achieved much more than this: he has, by the mere force of truth, cut at the root of a thousand popular delusions. Louis Blanc, Michelet, Carlyle—even Quinet, whose insight is in many respects extraordinary—though disagreeing in many things, have one characteristic in common. They are all victims of one delusion: they all assume that the Revolutionary leaders, whatever their demerits and however terrible their wickedness, were men of gigantic mould, gifted with astounding genius, and inspired by tremendous passions. This assumption is the basis of the whole Revolutionary legend, and this assumption Taine has proved to be false. The meanness, the sordidness, the incompetence of the Revolutionists become, to any one who has studied Taine's book, at least as visible as their wickedness.

The moral of his writings is this: The violence of revolution no doubt occasionally opens new paths by which obscure talent may rise to eminence, but it far more certainly frees from restraint the covetousness, the sordidness, the brutality, and the cowardice of human nature, and lets us see, if we have eyes to use, how terrible is the condition of any State where the bonds which keep in constraint the wickedness and folly of mankind are for a moment relaxed, and all that is vile and stupid in man is allowed to come to the front. Our meaning may be shown by one instance only among the scores of illustrations by which Taine enforces his teaching. The horror of the September massacres is now acknowledged by every man of common humanity; but Taine makes it apparent that the cowardice and folly which tolerated, were at least as great as the recklessness and the bestial brutality which perpetrated, this slaughter of innocent men and women. The massacres—and the same thing holds good of the whole Reign of Terror—brought no benefit whatever to France. Not the cruelty of the Parisian mob, but the bravery of French soldiers saved France from destruction. It is the vainest fancy that the massacres repelled a single Prussian or Austrian regiment. What the murderers of September achieved was to insure the failure of the Revolution. Cruelty and treachery mean, and always will mean, impolicy and folly. This is the lesson enforced by Taine's volumes; and to have driven it home so that it can be neither neglected nor disputed is his noblest achievement as an historical moralist.

Though no candid critic will underrate the industry and thoroughness of Taine's research, it is difficult even for an admirer to consider the whole effect of Taine's labors without a sense of disappointment. Taine has not produced a history, or anything like a history, of the Revolution. Nor is there the least reason to suppose that, had he been permitted by fate to bring his book to a close, he would have left to the world what the world still wants, a thorough and systematic narrative of the Revolution in France. The facts he has accumulated together, and the indications he has given of the sources which must be explored by any one in search of additional knowledge, will be invaluable to some future writer. No wise man will ever tell the tale of the Revolution without consulting Taine's volumes again and again; but it is not in Taine's volumes that that tale is to be found. They are fragmentary. About particular topics, even about particular men—such, for instance, as Danton and Napoleon—Taine's pages contain many details which are of value. His hints—they are not more than hints—about the condition of France after the fall of Robespierre, deserve to be carefully followed up. But the defect of his work is that it is fragmentary; no one could understand its bearing who did not carry in his mind a general outline of Revolutionary history; and—what is really singular—Taine, after piling together facts and anecdotes illustrating some aspect of the Revolution in which he is interested, does not properly sum up their effect. From Taine's chapters the reader derives a vivid notion of the horrors of the Reign of Terror; but, after a careful examination of Taine's statements, we have found it impossible to obtain from our author any definite statement as to the number of victims who perished under the Jacobin tyranny. On this point, the ascertainment of which is of crucial importance, a few pages of Mr. Morse Stephens's history are more valuable than the whole of Taine's analysis of Jacobin supremacy.

Taine, it may be said, did not intend to write a history. So be it. But his want of historical perception mars his success even as a writer on the theory of the Revolution. You cannot take one part of a great movement and give a fair account of that part without at any rate some reference to the whole. Mr. Morse Stephens's doctrine that violence and tyranny at Paris in some way contributed to the repulse of the German invaders, is a mere paradox, though he is undoubtedly right in holding that the Reign of Terror is misunderstood unless you take account of the struggle of France for national existence. Yet it would be possible to read Taine's volumes without gathering from them that, during the agony of the Revolution, France was engaged in a struggle with external foes.

'Les Origines de la France Contemporaine,' however, was never intended to be a history. It must not, therefore, be tested by the criteria which we apply to the works of Gibbon, of Macaulay, or of Michelet. It is a book of political philosophy elucidated by lessons drawn from the Revolutionary annals of France. Taine's speculations may be most fairly compared with the speculations of Tocqueville, though such a comparison does not place him in a very favorable light. The permanent reputation of a political theorist depends on the truth and the originality of his thoughts. It is a touch of originality or genius which made Tocqueville a classic from the first moment that his writings became known to the public. Can any one assert with truth that Taine has added any true and novel ideas to the political thought of the day? In every word he writes about the *ancien régime* he is nothing but a disciple of Tocqueville, and, when Tocqueville's guidance fails him, Taine exhibits a want of any coherent thought about the progress of the Revolution. Tocqueville introduced to the world one or two definite ideas—such, for example, as the conception of the survival in France of sentiments and even of institutions derived from the time of the Bourbon monarchy—which influence our whole way of looking at the Revolution. Quinet has shown that the Revolutionary leaders were at every turn thwarted by an incapacity for solving the ecclesiastical problems of the time. Doniol, again—to take a writer not exactly of the first class—impresses upon his readers the all-important fact that to reform the land tenure of France was, from the beginning of the Revolution and for many years subsequently, as urgent a necessity and as difficult a feat as it is to-day to reform the land tenure of Ireland. What, again, we ask, are the new and true speculative ideas to be derived from Taine? We are inclined to answer, None. Yet, after all, this reply may be unjust. It is possible that in England or America Taine is of necessity judged unfairly, for he has taken up the commonplaces of English political doctrine and illustrated them from the annals of modern France. Burke, Macaulay, and—though the combination is an odd one—Herbert Spencer have, it may be conjectured, supplied him in the main with his anti-Revolutionary principles. No one, of course, can suppose for a moment that Taine has not thought, and thought vigorously, for himself, but he is one of those thinkers whose own reflections lead them inevitably to the conclusions already reached by English liberal conservatism.

Taine's true aim, however, it may be said, was neither to write a history nor to put forward new and striking ideas as to the progress of society. His avowed object was, by analyzing the ideas and the institutions of the Revolution and the Empire, to account for the condition of modern France. This is, it may be presumed, a fair statement of the end he wished to attain. He desired to look at French society from a purely scientific point of view. His object was knowledge. But here again it is extremely doubtful whether he has attained his end. Two characteristics detract from the scientific value of Taine's work. The one is that Taine's treatment of the Revolution is far too polemical; his position is always the attitude of an assailant. At one moment the earlier Revolutionists, at another the Jacobins, or Napoleon, and now, it may be, French education as it exists, are the object of his attack. His criticism is trenchant, it is always effective, it is often just. But hostile criticism is not impartial investigation. The polemical attitude is inconsistent with the scientific attitude. Hence, though every reader must be convinced of Taine's earnest desire to see everything in the light of truth, and to free himself from the influence of partiality and passion, it is almost impossible not to feel that Taine's judgments lack perfect justice. It is hard to deal too severely with the errors and crimes of Napoleon. Still, it is clear that, had Napoleon not possessed great qualities for which Taine hardly gives him credit, he would never have risen to his eminence among the rulers of mankind. The vices of the Revolutionists or the weakness and the follies of their opponents hardly admit of exaggeration; yet even on this point Taine indirectly exaggerates. He never brings clearly into view the dilemma from which each party in succession found it all but impossible to escape. Reliance on the support of the Parisian mob meant connivance at outrage and crimes which made it impossible to establish free institutions in France. Repression of the Parisian mob meant reaction, and, probably enough, the restoration of despotism. Just because Taine will not recognize the existence of this dilemma, he is unjust in his judgment of every party. Take, for example, the odious device by which the Convention prolonged its own power after its dissolution, and survived in part among the Assembly which succeeded it. No adventurers ever perpetrated a viler fraud on the nation, yet even the scoundrels of the

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Convention had something to urge in mitigation of extreme condemnation. The history of France for the last hundred years is proof enough that abdication on the part of the Revolutionists would have led to a reaction fatal to all the best results of the Revolution.

The second characteristic which detracts from the scientific worth of Taine's speculations is that, though he supplies his readers with facts, with anecdotes, with references, with quotations, and the like, he does not provide his readers with the means of estimating the worth of the evidence on which his conclusions rest. To give one example only of our meaning, it would certainly add greatly to the weight of the statements as to the horrors committed during the Reign of Terror to know that the truth of these statements is in every case quite beyond the reach of doubt. But since a good number of these statements were made at a time of reaction against Jacobinism, one is not absolutely certain that the Jacobins themselves may not have been the victims of slander. Certainly nothing is too devilish to be credible of the ruffians sent forth by the Convention to terrorize France. Still, the proverb that the devil himself may be painted blacker than he is, contains a profound truth which an investigator into the history of revolutions neglects at his peril.

If Taine has produced neither a history, nor a body of new and striking political speculation, nor a scientific analysis of the Revolutionary movement, he has assuredly not labored in vain. His seven volumes are much more than a monument of unrivalled industry; they are a storehouse of information; they are an exposure of baseless traditions and of popular delusions.

TWO ENGLISHWOMEN.—II.

The Story of Two Noble Lives, being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. By Augustus J. C. Hare. 3 vols. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1894.

THE third volume of 'The Story of Two Noble Lives' deals chiefly with Lady Waterford, whom Mr. Hare calls by the ridiculous name of Our Lady. It is crowded with trifling details, and contains much which is mere fulsome praise.

The striking beauty of Louisa Stuart, set off by the fair hair which fell far below her knees, formed a decided contrast to the dark hair and pensive grace of her sister, Lady Canning. Louisa had many admirers, but at the age of twenty-one she had seen no one for whom she could care. In 1839 Lady Stuart de Rothesay took her daughter to the famous Eglinton tournament, at which Henry, third Marquis of Waterford, acted as one of the knights. He was known, from his many strange exploits, as the Wild Lord Waterford; he hated society and lived only for sport. To all appearance there could have been no congenial topic between him and Louisa Stuart, who was devoted to art and thoroughly enjoyed society. Yet he fell in love with her at first sight, and she by no means discouraged him. When Lord Waterford, too shy to make any advances himself, induced his sister to write for him, Lady Stuart de Rothesay said to her daughter: "I have had the most extraordinary letter from Lady Sarah Ingestre, a proposal for you from her brother. Of course, I must lose no time in writing a refusal." To her astonishment, Louisa replied: "Oh, but wait a little. I should like to think about it first." Lady Stuart could not believe that Louisa was serious, and wrote to her husband (then Ambassador at St. Petersburg) of Lord Waterford's "boisterous, rough manners, without the slightest interest in any concerns within doors, or within the doors of Parliament especially." After many demurs on the part of Louisa Stuart's family, and many representations that in order to win her Lord Waterford must give up the races and steeplechases in which he nearly always met with dangerous accidents, he was accepted, and the marriage took place in 1842, three years after the Eglinton tournament. Lord Waterford was devoted to his home at Curraghmore, in the south of Ireland, and not only could not bear to leave it himself, but could not bear his wife to be away. She spent only a very short time in England each spring, and in later life much regretted having been so divided (for the seventeen years during which Ireland was her home) from all her family and friends. Lady Waterford's life at Curraghmore was most monotonous, and her days were generally spent in solitude. Lord Waterford seldom returned from hunting before ten o'clock at night; he would then go to bed for a couple of hours and dine at midnight. Yet Lady Waterford was always ready to welcome him, and did not even complain of the weary weeks she had to spend in a wretched hunting-box, where she had no occupation whatever out of doors. At Curraghmore she improved the cabins on the estate, set up a woollen manufactory, supplied lime for whitewashing, seeds for gardens, and even gave lessons to the peasants in making beds and cleaning rooms. She laid out a garden, designed terraces, built a church (the windows for which she painted herself), and although Lord Waterford could not endure having visitors, she was always occupied with drawing or reading, and never seemed to miss the society which she had so much enjoyed. She even wrote: "I could scarcely say how happy I feel all day. Sometimes I think it is too much, and that much trial must come some day, and then I shall know how little fitted I am to meet it."

Lord Waterford was devoted to his wife, and was guided and influenced by her in all things. A few weeks after their marriage she had a terrible accident when out driving with him, and was for a time in imminent danger. He would allow no one but himself to cut off her beautiful hair; part of it he used to frame a portrait of her by Landseer, and he desired that the rest might be buried with him. When Lady Waterford recovered, her hair grew again till it more than touched the ground. The great sorrow of Lady Waterford's life was that she had no children, but, although regretting this till her death, with an almost passionate longing, she devoted herself to the children of Lord Waterford's brother, and to those of his sister, Lady Sarah Ingestre, afterwards Countess of Shrewsbury. In the terrible Irish famine of 1847 Lord and Lady Waterford exerted themselves to the utmost in giving relief of all sorts; Lady Waterford's action being publicly acknowledged in the House of Commons. It was a shock to them when, in 1848, their tenantry turned against them, under the influence of Smith O'Brien and others. The house at Curraghmore was fortified with cannon, the windows were barricaded, twenty-five soldiers were quartered inside, eighteen special constables watched day and night on the roof, and the occupants lived in a state of siege. Lord Waterford went about armed to the teeth, chasing mobs and rallying those men on whom he could rely. Lady Waterford could not go out at all, for a band of men (misnamed Fenians by Mr. Hare) had threatened to carry her off to the hills, or perish in the attempt. In an attack on the village several men were killed, and an attack on the house was hourly expected. But matters gradually quieted down, and in July, 1849, Lady Waterford was able to write that "the whole house has recovered a peaceable appearance." She returned to her former occupations, drawing being her greatest pleasure. One day she "put a new mouth to an old family picture instead of one which Waterford had cut out to stick a cigar into it."

Lord Waterford frequently had terrible accidents out riding; and in March, 1859, he was thrown from his horse while hunting and killed on the spot. He left Ford Castle, his property on the Northumbrian Border, to his widow, and on the death of her mother she succeeded to Highcliffe, a small estate on the Hampshire coast, near Bournemouth. Between these places Lady Waterford passed the thirty-two years of her widowhood. She did not resemble the old French lady whom she heard describe a widow's cap as "le vrai bonnet de la liberté," and both her mother and sister justly feared that she would be the victim of minds far inferior to her own. Lord Canning's early death was an especial loss to her, for she had looked forward to his being "a real brother, counsellor, and guide." Lady Waterford bitterly felt the loneliness of her life, and constantly refers to it in her letters.

"In my life it is the want of home affection which is so despairing, and the feeling that *never* again may I have it. Friends are kind, but friends *cannot* do to fill the home blank. . . . I live amongst the shadows of all who are gone. . . . You don't know how sad it is always to think of *things*, and not *lives*, . . . feeling so *very* lonely, without one soul to sympathize, and always obliged to swallow every little trouble."

Yet Lady Waterford was full of energy, and never had an unoccupied moment. At Ford she restored the castle, rebuilt the village, made new roads, constructed bridges, built schools, planted the bare hillsides, improved the gardens, and erected a beautiful fountain to the memory of her husband. She wrote:

"I love old things too, but I rejoice in the *providence* of progress, without which England would be such a country as Spain—a blank among nations—and I can see a desolate waste made frightful [*sic* for fruitful?] (its beauty lost) with a most utilitarian delight. I love *heads* that have done such great things for England as her engineers, and think the romance of their useful lives greater than that of a knight-errant."

At Ford Castle Lady Waterford frequently spent months entirely alone, especially in winter; she liked it at the time, but when she left she wrote of the intense enjoyment she had in watching the *faces* of people in the railway carriage or at the stations. At Highcliffe she received many visitors. When, in 1887, she expected Cardinal Howard, she wrote:

"My last sight of him was as an officer in the Life Guards, when I danced with him (the last time I ever danced), and at that same ball I saw Mlle. Eugénie Montijo, then called 'The Spanish Heiress,' and never saw her again till I met her as a widow and deposed Empress in Walker's hat-shop."

Another visitor was Mr. Gladstone. In answer to a question of Lady Waterford's, one of Mr. Gladstone's daughters wrote:

"Yesterday my father was saying he did not believe he would be alive now if he had not always kept his Sundays quite apart from his ordinary, and specially his political, life. Not only because of the pure refreshment it has always been to him to turn to holier things on that day, but because it has enabled him to

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learn more on religious subjects than perhaps any other layman, and so has given him that firm and splendid ground which has ennobled and hallowed all his actions through life."

In one of Lady Waterford's letters she says: "I must own my pleasures are not people, but things, and the tastes that God has given me." The chief of these tastes was her exceptional talent for painting. Countless drawings of hers exist, the coloring of which is most beautiful; and many have been exhibited in London. She wrote, "I do *love* my art, far more than ever, and long to do a great work." This great work proved to be the painting of the walls of the school at Ford with ten large frescoes, representing scenes from the Lives of Good Children. The figures both of the children and of the older persons introduced are all portraits of the villagers, and were striking likenesses. The subjects, with the exception of "Christ Blessing Little Children," are taken from the Old Testament.

In the last year of Lady Waterford's life she suffered from gradual brain-decay, and in May, 1891, she died, at the age of seventy-three, at Ford Castle. On her tomb at Ford two mottoes, which she always kept before her in her room, have been carved. One is the Waterford motto, "Nil nisi Cruce"; the other is the motto of the Delavals, from whose family Lord Waterford inherited Ford Castle, "Dieu me conduise."

MORE FICTION.

The Watchmaker's Wife, and Other Stories. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Marion Darche: A Story without Comment. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan.

The Copperhead. By Harold Frederic. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Yanko the Musician, and Other Stories. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Brothers and Strangers. By Agnes Blake Poor. Boston: Roberts Bros.

The Faïence Violin. By Champfleury. Translated by William Henry Bishop. D. Appleton & Co.

Can This Be Love? By Mrs. Parr. Longmans, Green & Co.

The Delectable Duchy. By "Q." Macmillan & Co.

Novel Notes. By Jerome K. Jerome. Henry Holt & Co.

John Ingerfield, and Other Stories. By Jerome K. Jerome. Henry Holt & Co.

Drolls from Shadowland. By J. H. Pearce. Macmillan & Co.

MR. STOCKTON'S latest book of stories is written in the vein of his most delicate drollery. His peculiar humor and his peculiar imagination are perfectly fitted to the form of the short story, and fill, to utter satisfaction, a new sense created by themselves. It is not character, but predicament, that is his specialty (*pace* Pomona and a few others), and the originality of his situations is brought about by his fancy (one would like to let the pen slip and call it fantasticy) working with an attendant spirit of naïveté. Each story is a combination of circumstances which no one else would ever have thought of, told with a certain wide-eyed, gentle guilelessness, and a gravity which does not even allow itself to be demure, but wears so skilful an air of the absence of mirth that one can fancy the very elect, the Lady and the Tiger, debating in their far-away caves the question, "Did he know he was funny?" It is noticeable that personal misunderstandings play almost no part in Mr. Stockton's stories; nearly all tell the plain truth—Asaph, prince of indolents, being an exception. It is the plain truth which causes the surprise, if, indeed, that can be called a surprise the contrary of which no one ever suspected.

Mr. Crawford is a transferable *genius loci*, and in 'Marion Darche' his sense of New York is conveyed with his accustomed precision and lightness and talent for selection. That the local atmosphere is rarefied as the story mounts, is perhaps only in obedience to all atmospheric law. We thank Mr. Crawford for indicating a New York which is neither the Vaudeville Club nor the slums. His suggestion that there are those who love New York the city and not the social centre, is daring, but will command attention, particularly as it comes from a man who is in a sense a citizen of the world, and who, though at home in India and Italy, remains sufficiently an American not to think that only that which is alien is human.

The opening chapter shows his special talent to perfection, and further whets interest with a gay modern conversation between the sub-hero and the sub-heroine which leaves the reader expecting delightful things of the principals. It is disappointing to find, instead, that the story relaxes as it proceeds. The author's pen grows listless; naturally the admirer of the author is unable to withhold the tribute of imitation. It is in vain that incompatibility, embezzlement, lost identity, and the shadow of bigamy enliven the plot; as it warms the reader cools, and concludes that Mr. Crawford's originality has for once taken the whim to be commonplace. Yet the book is not dull to the unreadable point nor to the exclusion of bright sayings. A house decoration which is like "an inflamed Pullman car"—a girl who "had a soul and bestowed now and then considerable attention upon its religious toilet"—a man whose "so-called gifts had turned out to be only tastes"—are plums worth a thank-you. But, viewed as a story or as a study of character, this novel is too aggressively made, not born.

Mr. Harold Frederic's sketch of a Copperhead of a farmland township in northern New York is written in his usual clear and defined style with his usual desire to do the Copperhead justice. Viewed at this distance, in the person of the patriarch farmer, Abner Beech, he makes a picturesque figure; he stands grim, gaunt, hard, among his corn rows, his cows, and his cheeses; he reads Scripture so that "you could hardly listen to him going through even the genealogical tables of chronicles dry-eyed. His Jeremiah and Ezekiel were equal to the funeral of a well-beloved relation." He denounces the son who loves the daughter of an abolitionist, ignores him during his service in the Union army, and softens only when the abolitionists have "smoked the damned Copperhead out," when his home is in ruins and his boy has come back from Antietam with an empty sleeve. It is a fresh and interesting contribution to the history of all that went to make the war. The Laodiceans of our great struggle have seldom figured heroically or even picturesquely in the tales of the time. For them to have their chance now in fiction is not likely to do any harm. Mr. Frederic has done his task well, and has set the little drama felicitously in the region where his muse wanders with the freedom born of intimate knowledge.

Henryk Sienkiewicz is no less story-teller than novelist. Witness five stories of his recently given us in a translation by Jeremiah Curtin. Artist to the finger tips, Sienkiewicz in this little volume is touching, tragic, droll, by turns. There are many ways of conveying truth. Sienkiewicz's way is to tell, and then to leave inference to the reader. He gives facts with exquisite fidelity, but what the reader most feels is the subtle suggestion of fact under the facts. The wonderful union of truth within and truth without, made more wonderful by the non-insistence upon either, is the especial hall-mark of this craftsman, whose scope seems boundless. The stories deal with the sorrows of Germanized Poland, with the loneliness of exile, with the comical rivalries in the grocery business of a new American town, with the degradation and ruin of the Polish soldier fighting for Prussia in 1870. In all these there is one likeness, the magnetic attraction of the author's pen-point for the particular incidents which signify. In this he resembles Maupassant, with whose stories these worthily class themselves.

'Brothers and Strangers' is a book towards which one feels as the father of the Swiss family Robinson felt towards those of his sons who burned their fingers in their greedy haste for soup, and whom he rewarded, rather than the calculating son who had not burned his, but had helped himself with precocious decorum. The others were faulty but natural. This novel is wholly unimportant, but one is moved to commend it beyond many that are more clever, for its simplicity and for an unassuming realism which refrains from exclaiming, "See what a real book am I!" It goes straight to work and asks no favors. The story is small; the local color, derived from Boston and from a little town in New York, while faithful, is not insisted upon; but a portrait or two modestly put forth show a nice feeling for characterization and a nice observation of the world as it is. These things, being clearly written, make a pleasant even if not serious addition to literature in its lightest vein.

Mr. Bishop has translated, and in the main well translated, Champfleury's story of 'The Faïence Violin.' Sainte-Beuve called it "a unique study in moral pathology"; the hero is a china-collector, the heroine no other than the faïence he adored. It is a charming little story, as delicate as the pottery it celebrates, and full of the humor which is a special trait of Champfleury's writing. Mr. Bishop's brief preface, giving a sketch of the author, is of a befitting grace—the grace of an old miniature found in a Parisian bric-à-brac shop.

Mrs. Parr's little novel 'Can this be Love?' is sound, kind, and gentle. Its feeling, if not its English, is wholly above reproach. Readers may rely upon it that it is a love story and not a sermon, and that it will not lead them into the fatigues of mental disquiet, socialistic heresy, or doctrinal doubt; excellent, we should say, for nervous prostrates and for the public which feeds on "pretty little stories."

No pretty little stories are "Q's," but morsels of literary food concentrated to the last degree. Their material is keen perception, humor, and a great love of Cornwall; the result is a series of sketches which might well borrow the name of De Roberto's Italian stories, "Processi verbali," for their manner is that of reports, rapid, exact, and unembellished. One thinks of Charles Reade's swiftness of telling, but there is none of Charles Reade's self-consciousness of style. One thinks of Hardy's

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peasants in reading of "Q's" Cornish folk, but, being here the principals and not accessories, they hold the attention even more. One thinks, too, of the fidelity of Mary Wilkins's work, and finds that the absence from Cornish soil of the "inflamed New England conscience" permits greater variety of topic and a freer play of humor. A score of incidents are told, without haste, without rest, with only so much of landscape as serves for background and for carrying out the note which sounds in the preface, of love for garden, wood, and sea. There is great diversity of matter—poetic, comical, gruesome; but one treatment marks all—that of the narrator and not the commentator; moreover, of the expert narrator, who, having seen everything, understands leaving out as well as telling. If there is ever a lack of point in any of the stories, it is as point is lacking to a crystal sphere of which the very absence of salient angles is its charm. The long preface, in italics, affords an appropriate text for protesting against that iniquitous practice of printing, which must have been invented by a needy oculist.

If the Princess Scheherezade, instead of telling tales to the Sultan, had read to him all the anecdotage to be gleaned from the press of the nineteenth century, the report of the proceedings would have made Jerome's 'Novel Notes.' It is a dictionary of dog stories, servant stories, snake stories; stories of suicides, of houseboat parties, of soldiers, of fever patients, of omnibus conductors, of dreams. It is impossible that all should be poor, and unthinkable that all should be good; in truth, many of them are extremely amusing, but fully five of them are foolish. Mr. Jerome's pathetic plea to be taken seriously sometimes, removes one's hesitation in saying that at least one of the stories is altogether too horrible to have found utterance. On the whole, we advise any one who intends to read the book to take it as the Sultan did his stories—one at a time. The illustrations are as copious as if the book were Green's History.

The petition to be judged "from some other standpoint than that of humor" is offered in the preface of another book of Mr. Jerome's, a collection of stories of which "John Ingerfield" is the first. There is novelty, certainly, in the scheme of each of them, and Mr. Jerome is right in thinking that three of the number are not funny. The other two are, as we think, the best. No matter how original Mr. Jerome's pathos is, his pathetic style is tedious. To be funny—"ce qui s'appelle" funny—is his birthright, and in that realm it is that he chiefly glimmers.

'Drolls from Shadowland' is the name of a unique group of imaginings—a sort of grown-up fairy story, where the fairies are grim, fateful spirits, and the scene of their spiriting is the wide, sad world, full of sin and grief and longing. Each little sketch is like a delicate, short-lived flame that shoots up for an instant and throws a pale ray upon the human heart or human lot, when, lo! it is gone again; but it has lived and cannot be forgotten, for it is of the very essence of poetry.

The Monism of Man; or, The Unity of the Divine and Human. By David Allyn Gorton, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

Genetic Philosophy. By David Jayne Hill, LL.D. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

NUMBERLESS men write about philosophy without dreaming that any further qualification is necessary than having read a quantity of books on the subject and having something they would like to say. Not desultory reading, but hard, systematic study, with accurate reflection, with continual comparison of one's own ideas with those of the strongest men, to see if one's own are capable of improvement in definiteness and force, and this training carried on for at least half-a-dozen years steadily, are the minimum requirements for enabling a man to address the philosophic world without making himself a nuisance. When this point has been reached, if the philosopher will only take the time to write his book short, saying what he has of new to say in the smallest compass in which it can be stated with perfect clearness, he will earn the benedictions of his readers.

Both the above volumes contain eclectic hodge-podges drawn from authors of various merit, but mostly weak. The writers display a charming unconsciousness of the problems their originals had in mind, and frequently quote passages whose real significance they quite miss. Each has been reading and thinking, not altogether without good sense, until he has collected a bookful of reflections of no value, which he now inflicts upon the public. Dr. Gorton, though a medical man, quotes Eduard von Hartmann as authority for a fact of physiology. He speaks disrespectfully of Hahnemann, as "a peer among peerless physicians"—unless this is meant to convey a compliment. After an inconsequential chapter on "The Unity of Divine and Human Agency," he gives two replies to himself, one signed *Scientist*, the other *Theologus*, both in his own incomparable style of thought and diction, peers of his peerlessness, and then replies to them, signing his reply *Radicus*. If he had made it *Radiculus*, it would have come somewhere near a real word and an appropriate one.

Dr. Hill is president of the Baptist University of Rochester, and as such is entitled to be treated seriously, though we must seriously say he sheds no lustre upon his institution by writing about matters which he does not understand. Thus, he seems to imagine that the discovery of Neptune is somehow to the credit of "Bode's law," although that "law," which good logic never would have admitted, was finally exploded by the violent violation of it in the case of Neptune. The only thing it had to do with the discovery was to suggest that the planet might be found in a place very remote from that where it was found, and thus probably to cause Leverrier to overlook the possibility of the perturbations of Uranus by Neptune being of the unusual kind which it turned out that they were. Though we have only space for this instance, there are plenty of other proofs of Dr. Hill's incompetence to treat of his subject. It is a pity, because the title of his book and those of several of the chapters are decidedly appetizing. But we can find nothing in it of any value.

The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement: A Study in Eighteenth Century Literature. By William Lyon Phelps. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1893.

MR. PHELPS'S little book is correctly described in the title-page. It is a "study" in the proper sense of an often abused term, for it presents, in surprisingly small compass, the result of investigations obviously minute and laborious, and it is a contribution to orderly knowledge. The beginnings of the English romantic movement, the author holds, date back to the first quarter of the eighteenth century; and he further maintains that during the second quarter of that century, and especially during the fifth decade, the movement was much stronger than is commonly supposed. His task is, then, to trace some of the forces which, in the "age of prose and reason," prepared the way for the great romantic revival at the beginning of the present century—forces often working obscurely, but necessary to be understood if one is to have any clear conception of the genesis of nineteenth-century romanticism.

After due preliminaries as to the romantic ideal and the aims of the pseudo-classicists, Mr. Phelps proceeds to consider reactionary tendencies—discovering several unwitting traitors in the Augustan camp, some of them in the very shadow of the Prætorium. He then treats in special chapters the Spenserian revival, the influence of Milton, "Gothicism and Chivalry," and ballads. Norse mythology, Welsh poetry, and Ossian are appropriately discussed together. The poet Gray, whose literary development Mr. Phelps regards as exemplifying the whole romantic movement, has a chapter to himself.

In collecting evidence the author has been forced into dangerous companionships. He has had to associate with some very dull writers, and with others who, if not dull, betray the uneasy self-consciousness of the timid innovator. It is much to his credit that he has come off uncorrupted. He writes clearly and unpretentiously, his skill in condensation is rather remarkable, and he keeps his own and his reader's spirits up from first to last. Though solid, the book is never heavy. It can easily be read through at a sitting.

The first publication of a young scholar, Mr. Phelps's book is of course not without defects. Here and there his style is a trifle rough, now and then his vision is not quite sure, and, in a few instances, his facts admit of some trifling correction. But we have no disposition to insist on these petty flaws. We welcome the volume as a contribution to literary history, and we shall look with interest for a more ambitious work from the same hand.

The Theory and Practice of Banking. By Henry Dunning Macleod. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

THIS is the fifth edition of a book that is in some respects of enduring merit. The author's idiosyncrasies are too well known to require comment, and they are perhaps as conspicuous here as in any of his books. But in spite of his absurd self-conceit, his exasperating repetitions, and his infuriate denunciation of those whose opinions he dislikes, there is a leaven of sound sense and genuine learning permeating and lightening the whole mass of his writing. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Macleod's works have to a considerable extent affected English thought upon the problems of currency and banking, and he at all events deserves praise for carrying out the plan of tracing the gradual development of sound practice and eventually of sound theory in this department of finance. Perhaps in no instance is the process of evolution more striking, for the successful bankers are the survivors of a struggle for existence in which the casualties have been prodigious in number; and even these survivors have frequently distinguished themselves by giving wrong explanations of their success.

It is impossible to read these records of human fallibility and perversity without reflecting upon the melancholy spectacle of our own currency. It would almost seem that the painful experience of other countries had been thrown away upon us, and that our legislators might presently begin the construction of a

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banking system upon unknown lines. It is upon this account that we call attention to this new edition of a book that is already of some antiquity, for whoever will peruse it will at least receive from it a deep impression of the extreme difficulty and slowness with which sound ideas of banking have made their way in the past, and will be the more disposed to hold fast to whatever has stood the test of practical experience. Although Mr. Macleod's style of narration is not the most agreeable, the history of banking contains many interesting features, and the account of the "currency theory" deserves especial attention from those who are struggling with the problems that our own system of currency presents.

The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance. By Bernhard Berenson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

THIS is a small book, containing, in the text proper, only seventy-eight pages, but the writer's ideas are interesting and worth attention. His thesis is, in brief, that "Venetian painting is the most complete expression in art of the Italian Renaissance," and he supports his contention with very good reasons. Like most critics who approach painting from the literary rather than the technical side, he is somewhat unjust to Veronese and more than just to Tintoretto, whom he admires for his thought, and, consequently, as much in his bad work as in his good. His preoccupation with art rather for what it tells than what it is, takes its extremest form when he says that "other schools have accomplished much more in mere painting than the Italian. A serious student of art will scarcely think of putting many of even the highest achievements of the Italians, considered purely as technique, beside the works of the great Dutchmen, the great Spaniards, or even the masters of to-day." If this were true, it might not affect Mr. Berenson's admiration for Italian painting, but he may be sure the painters would not reverence and admire it as they do. It is because of Titian's quiet perfection in the painting of flesh, Tintoretto's mighty composition and swing of brush, Veronese's unequalled and serene mastery over the most difficult problems of art—technical qualities all—that the painters reverence these giants of old.

What will prove most useful to many in Mr. Berenson's book is the "Index to the Works of the Principal Venetian Painters," which occupies sixty-three closely printed pages. The attributions are "based on the results of the most recent researches" by Morelli and others, although some of them are made independently by the author himself. Many of them, naturally, are at variance with those of the catalogues of museums, but it is refreshing to see that of the sixteen pictures allowed to Giorgione the "Partie Champêtre" of the Louvre is one. The attribution of this most lovely and most Giorgionesque of paintings by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to a nameless "follower of Sebastian del Piombo," always seemed an absurdity. Per contra, it appears that the most recent opinion attributes the famous "Concert" of the Pitti Palace to Titian, thus robbing Giorgione with one hand while giving with the other. It is somewhat surprising to find how few of the Veronese in Venice are allowed by Mr. Berenson to be genuine—only two, for instance, of all those in the Ducal Palace, and none of the ceilings in San Sebastiano.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Augustin-Thierry, Gilbert. Le Masque: Conte Milésien. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
A Yellow Aster. Chicago: C. H. Sergel Co.
Brentano, Prof. Lujo. Hours and Wages in Relation to Production. London: Sonnenschein: New York: Scribners. $1.
Cooley, Prof. L. C. Laboratory Studies in Elementary Chemistry. American Book Co. 50 cents.
Dumas, A. Marguerite de Valois. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Ethic of Benedict de Spinoza. Translated from the Latin. 2d ed. Macmillan. $2.25.
Fennimore, Robert. A New England Woman. Socrates Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Gower, G. L. A Glossary of Surrey Words. London: English Dialect Society; New York: Macmillan.
Harper, Prof. W. R., and Burgess, Prof. I. B. Inductive Studies in English Grammar. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Ibsen, Henrik. Brand. Translated in the Original Metres. Scribners. $2.50.
Jerrold, Walter. Bon-Mots of Samuel Foote and Theodore Hook. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 75 cents.
Kahlden, Prof. C. von. Methods of Pathological Histology. Macmillan. $1.40.
Lee, Edmund. Dorothy Wordsworth: The Story of a Sister's Love. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Mason, James. The Principles of Chess in Theory and Practice. London: Horace Cox.
Partridge, W. O. Art for America. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Rameau, Jean. La Rose de Grenade. Paris: Paul Ollendorff: New York: Charles Eitel.
Stackpole, Rev. E. S. The Evidence of Salvation. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
Todd, Mrs. Mabel L. Total Eclipses of the Sun. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Wogan, Baron T. de. An Epitome of Yachting. 2 vols. 2d ed. London: Allen & Co.; New York: Brentano's. $2.

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